On Leave—in Paris

By René Vincent

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The Lighter Side of Our American Wartime Activities Shown by the Distinguished French Illustrator, in a Series of Drawings Made Especially for This Newspaper

He Finds the Comforts of Home at the Soda Fountain

Pretty Parisiennes Interested in Our Soldiers' Equipment

The "Midinettes"—Shop Girls of Paris—Have a Smile of Welcome for Our Soldiers

The Young American Officer Makes a Good Impression in Parisian Society

The "Bonne"—Maid of All Work—Wishes Our Hero Good Luck on Starting for the Front

René Vincent

Our Prehistoric Monsters Wiped Out by the Disease Germs of To-day!

Malignant Disease Bacilli 30,000,000 Years Old, Found by Smithsonian Investigations in Fossil Beds of Montana.

Science Finds in Distorted Skeletons and Fossil Bacilli 30,000,000 Years Old Evidence That Microbes Destroyed the Huge Beasts and Birds That Roamed the World Before Man---and Thus Gave Man Room to Grow

A Death Bed 20,000,000 Years Ago

Here the Noted Artist, H. Herder, Has Shown a Brontosaurus, a Gigantic Extinct Sea Monster, Weakened by Disease and Driven to Shore. Here It Becomes the Prey of Carnivorous Dinosaurs, Who, Becoming Infected With the Germs, Spread Them in Turn Among Their Own Kind and Those Who Devoured Them.

By W. H. Ballou, D.Sc.

RECENT careful study by medical science of the fossil remains of many extinct and monstrous birds and beasts has resulted in the announcement that the wicked disease germs of to-day which plague us are to be thanked for wiping them out and giving us the chance to live at all. For in the distorted attitudes, the condition of the bones, the petrified marks of their dying struggles recorded now imperishably in rock that once was soft mud or sand, medical science has found plain evidence of what killed these creatures millions of years ago.

And to clinch the matter, there have actually been found fossils of the germs themselves, some of them quite 30,000,000 years old—and appearing exactly the same as their descendants of the year 1915.

The maladies which wiped out these huge and savage forms of the youth of earth were in fact the same maladies that afflict its human creatures now, its middle age. The monsters have gone, destroyed by the microbe. The microbes prepared, therefore, the path for man's ascent—for without them those amphibian and later, ape-like forms through which he grew could not have held their own against the nightmare carnivores such as the dinosaurs on land, the gigantic lizards of the sea and the flying lizards of the air.

The microbes helped shove the monsters into the discard. Now they are trying to do the same thing with man, who has managed to sneak around the dangerous corners of nature so far. Man can, with the aid of knowledge that never could have found its place in the brain cavities of the monsters, circumvent the germ somewhat. And in the end, when man has gone the way of all other animal species, the germ will no doubt still be striving. H. G. Wells, in an interesting story dealing with earth's twilight, conceived it as a cold waste upon which, under a red and dying sun, moved only hideous crustaceans. He might have looked still further and drawn a world on which dwelt only microbes—the earliest perhaps to come and the last, certainly, to go.

There are certain malignant bacilli which leave their characteristic mark, like the burglar upon the safe, on their victims. The police, grown familiar with the peculiar methods of the criminal, can tell in an instant whether it is "Jimmy the Brute" or "Bill the Biter," say, by the characteristic way each one has handled chisel or torch or explosive upon the object of his attention. Medical science, the police of health, recognize the work of the tetanus bacilli, the tuberculosis germ, the virus of meningitis and so on in much the same way—by the marks they have left on that broken safe of life, a corpse or a fossil, which is only a very, very long dead corpse or its petrified imprint or remains.

In analyzing these marks, science has discovered some extraordinary things indeed.

Among them that a certain enormous and dangerous carnivore of the Eocene age, or long before the dawn of the lowest form of ape man, died in hordes of the very same disease that afflicted the ill-fated Czar Nicholas's son—a softening of the bones called osteomalacia, that carries with it a fragility of the vessels of the circulatory system that brings on hemorrhage from the slightest bruise or puncture. It was a form of this ancient disease likewise that caused the death of Anna Held.

Pyorrhea alveolaris has been supposed to be a modern disease more or less. This is the shrinking of the gums and the pus poisoning that makes so many mouths of to-day the abode of sickness and death. Yet Professor Roy L. Moodie, of the Department of Anatomy, College of Medicine, University of Illinois, has discovered the presence of this disease among the gigantic sea lizards called mosasaurs and plesiosaurs—monsters greater than any sea serpent of legend—and even on the turtles of the cretaceous period.

Professor Moodie, lecturing upon the subject recently, said:

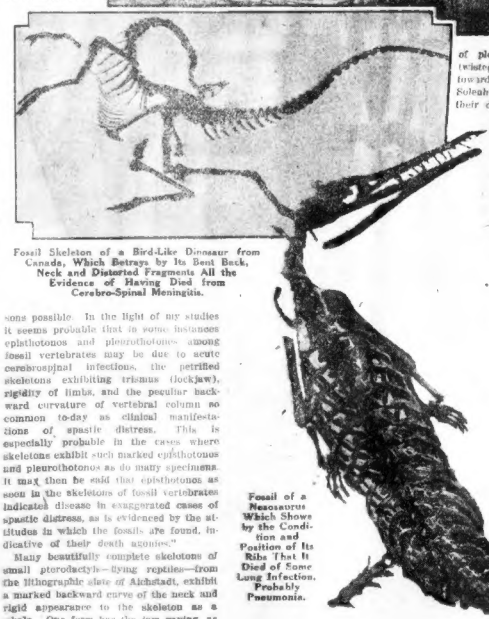
"Every student of fossil vertebrates who is fortunate enough to collect a number of complete skeletons of extinct animals is almost sure to be impressed with the frequency of the peculiar curve to the backwardly bent neck and the rigid appearance of the limbs, if these members are preserved in anything like the position assumed by the animal at death. This attitude of the skeleton is very common in the petrified remains of extinct animals, and it is doubtless what is known to medical men as opisthotonos.

"Williston, in describing the fossil remains of a long-necked plesiosaur from the cretaceous formation of Kansas, says: 'The specimen comprises the skull and twenty-eight cervical vertebrae, all attached with their relative positions but little disturbed. They lie upon the right side, with the usual opisthotonic curve to the neck, and all are laterally compressed. The attitude has been noted among many other fossil vertebrates, but its significance, so far as I am aware, has never been commented upon.'

"For the benefit of the uninitiate, so he may understand what follows, let me explain that by opisthotonos Prof. Moodie means that the head was bent backward until it almost touched the spine. By pleurothotonos he meant that the ribs were bent or twisted. By spastic distress he refers to the spasms and contortions caused by unrelieved death agonies from various malignant bacilli.

He continued:

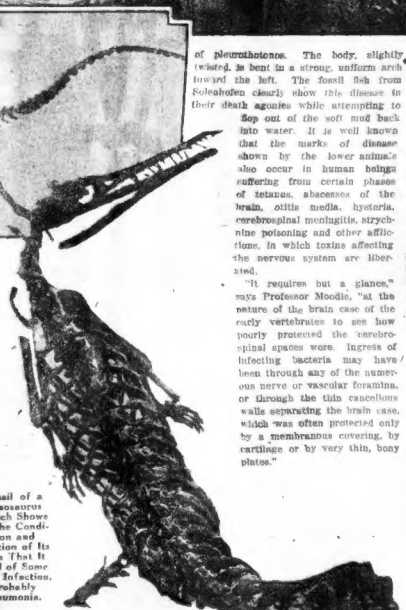
"In searching for evidence of disease among fossil vertebrates I have been interested to the comparisons possible. In the light of my studies it seems probable that in some instances opisthotonos and pleurothotonos among fossil vertebrates may be due to acute cerebrospinal infections, the petrified skeletons exhibiting trismus (lockjaw), rigidity of limbs, and the peculiar backward curvature of vertebral column so common to-day as clinical manifestations of spastic distress. This is especially probable in the cases where skeletons exhibit such marked opisthotonos and pleurothotonos as do many specimens. It may then be said that opisthotonos as seen in the skeletons of fossil vertebrates indicates disease in exaggerated cases of spastic distress, as is evidenced by the attitudes in which the fossils are found, indicative of their death agonies."



Fossil Skeleton of a Bird-Like Dinosaur from Canada, Which Betrays by Its Bent Back, Neck and Distorted Fragments All the Evidence of Having Died from Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis.

Many beautifully complete skeletons of small pterodactyls—flying reptiles—from the lithographic slate of Aichstadt, exhibit a marked backward curve of the neck and rigid appearance to the skeleton as a whole. One form has the jaw gaping, as if the creature were suffering from tetanus or lockjaw. The ancient toothed bird Archeopteryx from the lithographic slates, exhibits a pronounced-like condition. The skeletons of dinosaur from the lithographic slates of Kelheim exhibit an unusually well developed back spasm, the skull lying far over the pelvis.

Probably the most complete representation of spinal curvature among fossil vertebrates is that seen in the skeleton of the small cursorial dinosaur, Struthiomimus altus, described by Osborn, from the Belly River (Alberta) series. The diseased attitude is typical, the jaws exhibiting tetanus, with the head thrown sharply back over the sacrum, the tail thrown sharply up, the toes strongly contracted, with phalanges close together. The whole attitude of the body strongly suggests some severe spastic distress. It may have suffered death from severe cerebrospinal infection (of poi-sonous bacteria). Whatever the cause of its death, the attitude shows the effect of disease.



Fossil of a Nezosaurus Which Shows by the Condition and Position of Its Ribs That It Died of Some Lung Infection. Probably Pneumonia.

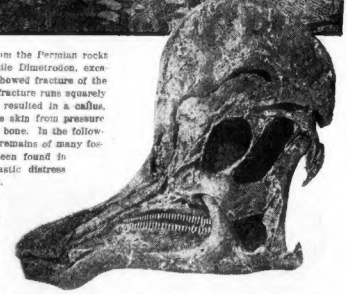
The associated trouble, chest spasms, while not so common among higher vertebrates, is common among fish. This is also evidently the cause of the attitude of the fossil plesiosaur, or sea lizard. The remarkable skeleton of the geosaur, from the Upper Jurassic slate of Eichstadt, clearly shows a marked instance of pleurothotonos. The body, slightly twisted, is bent in a strong, uniform arch toward the left. The fossil fish from Solenhofen clearly show this disease in their death agonies while attempting to flop out of the soft mud back into water. It is well known that the marks of disease shown by the lower animals also occur in human beings suffering from certain phases of tetanus, abscesses of the brain, otitis media, hysteria, cerebrospinal meningitis, strychnine poisoning and other afflictions, in which toxins affecting the nervous system are liberated.

"It requires but a glance," says Professor Moodie, "at the nature of the brain case of the early vertebrates to see how poorly protected the cerebrospinal spaces were. Ingress of infecting bacteria may have been through any of the numerous nerve or vascular foramina, or through the thin cancellous walls separating the brain case, which was often protected only by a membranous covering, by cartilage or by very thin, bony plates."

Professor Moodie further states that pathological, or disease, conditions were common among now extinct species of reptiles and plants which flourished in the far back Carboniferous era, or the great coal-forming period. Graff has found the carbonized remains of worms, preserved in the lesions of fossil crinoids, an animal somewhat resembling starfish. There was a widespread development of poisonous fungi and bacteria, which Renault has found fossilized in wood and coal.

The oldest bone fractures are found in fossils of reptiles from the Permian rocks of Texas. The reptile Dimetrodon, excavated by Williston, showed fracture of the left leg bones. The fracture runs squarely across the bone and resulted in a callus, or enlargement of the skin from pressure of the enlargement of bone. In the following era, the Triassic, remains of many fossilized fishes have been found in attitudes showing plastic distress at the time of death.

Tuberculosis is indicated in the fossil remains of crocodiles, excavated from the Jurassic rocks in England, as described by Ruer. In the following geological era, the remains of gigantic dinosaur reptiles show fossilised cancerous tumors.



The Skull of the Duck-Billed Dinosaur Showing the Numerous Cranial Crevices and Folds That Afforded Ready Lodging Places for Disease Germs.

The Cretaceous era which followed was the age of those strange huge water animals known as mosasaurs, plesiosaurs, etc. Their recovered bones show painful lesions with striking masses of tumor growths, resulting in their demises. Dollo found in their teeth the near mouth infections by parasites, known to moderns as alveolar pyorrhea. Even sea turtles were affected by this disease. That the entire animal life of the Cretaceous era must have perished with tumors and tooth infections is shown in the fact that, in the following Tertiary period, there were new types of animals arising which had not inherited former troubles.

Gradually, disease again crept into the world of animal and plant life, assuming new vigor in the later Pleistocene era. Flesh eating mammals began a world domination. They overdid it, however, and by seizing and devouring infected prey, themselves became victims of prevalent, fatal diseases. These infections roughened and softened the bones so that they readily broke into fragments. The infections apparently ran, in many cases, through the bones of the entire skeleton. Matthew first noted and defined the process after an examination of Rancho Brea, California, by Merriam, showed that numerous mammals had various stages of the infectious diseases when they entered the fatal tar trap in search of prey, and could not have had long to live if they had remained outside. Among these were the most gigantic wolves, lions, sabre-toothed tigers, hyenas, etc., that ever existed.

In the later Oligocene period dogs reached their most gigantic size. Hatcher, who examined their fossilized remains, found them victims of cancerous tumors.

A revival of the dread disease of the earlier reptilian mosasaurs. Osborn, examining bones of the new genus of huge mammals which he named Titanotheres, in the same era, noted that they, too, were likewise infected. Then came the Miocene, when the ancestral three-toed horse gracefully roamed over much of America and to which the name of Merychippus has been attached. Somehow his teeth and jaws became infested with parasites, producing swellings from which his descendants, the horses of to-day, are saved by the advances of veterinary science. Bereft of his teeth, Merychippus miserably faded out of existence, with no soothing solutions from the hand of the veterinar his aid and save.

In the ensuing eras, Pliocene, Pleistocene and Modern, all of the saprophytic (vegetable bacterial) and parasitic (animal) diseases inherited from reptiles not only increased on a vast scale, but were accompanied by new types, which increased to the enormous brood of troubles known to the human race to-day.

The antiquity of disease is shown in an appalling manner by the recent discovery of Professor Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. He found fossilized toxic, or poisonous, bacteria at the base of and far below the Cambrian rocks. These rocks had originally lain thirty-six miles below the earth's surface, but had been upheaved by some tremendous convulsion. Theirs is an age of some 30,000,000 years ago.

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Wouldn't Support His Multi-Millionaire Wife

Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt, with an Income of Her Own of Nearly $1,000 a Day, Arouses the Interest of New York and Newport Fashionable Society by Her Divorce Complaint Against Her Soldier-Husband

Mrs. Pratt's Own Income.
$6,000,000 at 5%—$300,000 Per Year
$300,000 Per Year—$5,769.23 Per Week

WHEN fashionable society of New York and Newport read the grounds on which Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt based her suit for divorce from Lieutenant Pratt, U. S. A., it was somewhat astonished. Desertion and non-support were the grounds given.

Mrs. Pratt is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Evarts Benjamin and the favorite grandchild of the late H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, by whom she was left the income from $6,000,000. This is certainly $300,000 a year, or a little less than $1,000 a day.

Thus is the very interesting question of what actually constitutes non-support opened up. In some ranks of life if a husband does not hand over his entire pay envelope on Saturday night the Domestic Relations Court will look into the matter. In circles somewhat higher, if a man does not pay his wife's dressmaker and milliner bills she can claim not only non-support but cruelty. But what of the claim of non-support by a wife who is a multi-millionaire in her own name?

Mrs. Pratt's divorce suit is the latest incident of a number that has interested the Newport colony. Her first season there was signalized by her appearance in a costume that in those days at least was considered extremely advanced. Her present season closed with the famous Eustis-Codman luncheon, that ended in a fist fight, a visit to a hospital by Mr. Codman and a few suits for damages.

The real truth behind the whole affair, according to friends of Mrs. Pratt, is that she is bored with Newport and New York social activities with which Lieutenant Pratt was in harmony. It has been two years since he first went to the Plattsburg training camp, realizing that America would sooner or later be drawn into the war. Since then he has been at the real front in France, returning to help train the drafted men whose soldier careers have now been closed by the armistice.

At a luncheon given by the dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt Mrs. Pratt is quoted as having told her hostess that "Newport's intelligence is disgustingly overrated."

Mrs. Pratt's wooing was as unusual as her divorce. At the height of her debutante season Miss Benjamin, or "Bea," as her intimates called her, surprised society by cancelling several dance dates and going off for a well-chaperoned week's cruise on the Dallas Bache Pratt yacht. She returned in a wonderfully radiant mood, with the son of the family as her fiance.

Mrs. Benjamin planned to announce the engagement with a formality due to her traditions and sent out cards for a large formal reception. She left the sending of the cards, however, to her daughter, and when the handsomely engraved pasteboards were received by society they bore, in heavy black letters, "This means that I'm going to marry Aleck Pratt. Wish us luck."

What mattered it that long before the reception everyone in town knew of the engagement? "Bea" achieved a sensation, and so was perfectly happy.

From a worldly viewpoint the marriage was very satisfactory. Dallas Pratt was a man of great wealth, a well known yachtsman as well as a financier, and his son would eventually have a large fortune. He was tremendously popular in Newport and considered a great catch. The Benjamins were equally prominent, although, despite their wealth—Mrs. Benjamin was H. H. Rogers's older daughter—they cared little for society. In fact, they considered Newport impossible and very nouveau riche. Their daughter had her first real Newport season as the wife of Aleck Pratt.

There never was a more strikingly beautiful bride than this tall, slender girl, with the great dark eyes, bright red lips and glossy black hair. And she grew more beautiful after her marriage, for she was then able to give full sway to her individuality. And here, perhaps, say her friends, is where young Mrs. Pratt began to grow away from her nice, sensible minded but human young husband. She cultivated her own inclinations and individuality at the expense of domestic happiness.

She did present him with two children, a girl, Cynthia, and a boy, Aleck, Jr. But when the boy was less than two years old she set up a separate establishment for them in Newport.

When Cynthia was a few months old Mr. Pratt took a house on Bellevue avenue for the Summer and Newport became a playground for Mrs. Pratt. She first startled the colony with her clothes. As this was the year when slit skirts were making their frowned-at appearance, she had all her gowns made with the slit a few inches higher than any one else and the skirts much tighter. Newport, which has certain standards in dress, was frank in its disapproval.

Mrs. Pratt stuck it out, however, for a few weeks, but following a luncheon on board Mrs. Pembroke Jones's yacht she discarded her complete wardrobe and ordered a new one, in which every skirt was cut most decorously. An attempt was made to suppress the story of what happened on board the yacht, but all Newport speedily learned that Mrs. Pratt had chosen to wear her very tightest skirt with the very deepest slit and in getting aboard the yacht the seam ripped and the catastrophe was most complete!

A foreigner among the guests, not knowing who Mrs. Pratt was, made a facetious remark that Mr. Pratt overheard and resented. Kind friends intervened, however, and no permanent damage was done by either belligerent.

A few months later Mrs. Pratt began to collect emeralds and topazes, a fad that soon cut deeply into her one-thousand-dollar-a-day income. These colorful stones, she claimed, expressed her personality better than pearls or diamonds. At first she went in for unset stones, but losing interest, she turned to earrings and begemmed snuff boxes. For a year she never wore the same earrings twice in one month, and each pair seemed longer and more ornate than the others.

As for her snuff boxes, they filled her cabinets and spilled over into her husband's smoking room, and then he rebelled.

In looking back society has come to the conclusion that two episodes which occurred the same Winter did more to widen the breach between Mrs. Pratt and her husband than anything else. One of these was her appearance as "Isis" at the famous "Ball of the Gods," given for the benefit of the Art Students of the French Beaux Arts, and the doing over of the house on Park Avenue.

As "Isis" Mrs. Pratt took a leading part in the pageant and staggered even blase New York with her costume, blazing jewels and realistic poses. With her splendid coloring and sinuous, untrammeled figure, this modern Isis would have made the Egyptian goddess jealous of her success. Mr. Pratt did not enjoy his wife's spectacular appearance and she resented his lack of understanding and narrowness of vision," and she even went so far as to threaten going on the stage.

Her family rose up at this, and as an outlet for her temperament Mrs. Pratt decided to express herself fully in her town house. She took two old-fashioned brownstone houses on upper Park avenue, turned them into one, had the whole outside painted a gleaming white and did her front door with several coats of scarlet lacquer!

If the outside of the house made New York stare, the inside made them gasp. Everything that was not scarlet or bright sky blue was black. And the last exotic touches were given by flocks of parrots, parakeets and cockatoos that had the run of the house. The effect was stupefying, but not conducive to a tranquil domestic life.

Mrs. Pratt gave a series of daring French playlets as a housewarming, and just about this time Mr. Pratt dropped out of sight and society began to hint of a separation. Then war was declared and Pratt won his commission as lieutenant and eventually went overseas. His record as a fighting officer was splendid, and a few weeks ago he was ordered to a Californian army camp as instructor.

Shortly after war was declared Mrs. Pratt concluded that literature would be an outlet for her feelings, and she began to write. This career was closed to her by the unsympathetic attitude of her family, and so back she went into the social arena. Although Lieutenant Pratt has not been living with her, and although she now claims that he refused to support her, she did not change her mode of living or dressing. Naturally, the money left by her grandfather came into excellent play.

This Summer her entertainments reached an unusually high water mark, winding up with the now famous luncheon where Ogden Codman called George Peabody Eustis several unpleasant names, and the next day Eustis, meeting Codman, several years his senior, knocked him down in front of James G. Van Alen's house on the Cliffs.

And now is the crowning act of Mrs. Pratt's sensational career—her suit for divorce in the Rhode Island courts. Having been a resident of Newport for two years, spending not more than six weeks at a time in New York, she is privileged to sue in the courts of that lenient State.

She says that she will find complete happiness in being free from an unsympathetic husband. Her mother says that she will never be happy until she finds some career that will satisfy her mentally. Her father says that Mrs. Pratt's talents are inherited from her financier grandfather, and that if she had only been a boy she would have found perfect development on "the Street." And society, whose sympathy is entirely with Lieutenant Pratt, says that Mrs. Pratt has always sought the unattainable and that her divorce will not change her.

Mrs. Pratt, Multi-Millionaire Granddaughter of the Late H. H. Rogers, and One of Her Favorite and Imported Dogs.

Mrs. Pratt Entering a Palm Beach Chair on One of Her Vacations from Her Legal Residence at Newport, Where She Is Beginning Her Divorce Suit.

Mrs. Pratt in the Costume of the Egyptian Goddess Isis, Whose Jewelled Beauty Made Such an Impression at the Noted "Ball of the Gods." Her Vis-a-vis is Mr. Oliver Harriman.

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Saved Their Successful Rival His Patriotic Sweetheart's Love

How This Called Forth from Two Rejected Suitors the Real American Sporting Spirit That Enabled Despairing Mr. Manford to Go to War and Keep His Promised Bride

PERSONAL.

TO SLACKERS—I will substitute for you in draft for $100 monthly. An American, single, 27 years old, excellent physical condition, crack rifle shot, expert horseman; can drive or repair automobiles; am in Class 2-B because of dependents; my three brothers now in service; my dearest wish is to join them, but am unable unless some one advances $100 monthly to my people. Will take your name or draft classification and serve for you; enlist at once in any division you select. Some one please take me up. BOX 6, K-2317.

THE war had its tragedies, its farces and comedies far behind the actual fronts. In the turmoil of passions and of beliefs set boiling by it, there were bound to be reactions wherever it touched—and where did it not touch? Thousands of these will never be told; never, indeed, be known except to the few who actually experienced them.

Back of the unusual advertisement printed at the top of this page and which appeared recently in the "personal columns of all the Denver newspapers was one of these stories of love and sacrifice and dare-devil courage and red-blooded American chivalry. In all probability the strange tale would, like those other thousands, have forever remained the secret of just four persons in a little town in the heart of the great cattle country out in Wyoming had not the author of the advertisement very greatly miscalculated the amount of curiosity his appeal would arouse, as well as the sternness of Uncle Sam's military selective service laws.

In Auburn, Wyoming—the supply centre for some of the West's greatest ranching activities and the home of some of its wealthiest cattle barons—lived at the beginning of 1917 the Manford family—a widowed, invalid mother, her two daughters, and her four sons, Edward, twenty years old; Frank, twenty-three; John, twenty-five, and Fred, twenty-seven. The family possessed slight means, but was widely known and highly respected, the father having been one of the pioneers of the region.

When America entered the war and put into effect the selective service system the three older Manford boys became subject to the draft. But all four were equally eager to enlist and fight. Very promptly they decided to "beat the draft" by volunteering their services at once. But since their helpless mother and their sisters must be cared for, they realized that all four could not go. One must remain at home to earn a living.

None would yield his desire to serve, so the boys drew lots to decide the matter. And the older brother, Fred, was chosen to stay at home.

Of the four lads, Fred probably was the most intensely eager to go and fight; but, as he was the cashier of the local bank and better able financially to assume the care of the family than any of his brothers, he accepted the decision and quietly surrendered his hopes. Edward, Frank and John left and joined the Marines.

Then it was that a girl began to figure in the story.

Miss June Collier, daughter of Anderson Collier, wealthy Wyoming and Utah cattleman, was the belle of Auburn, besides being widely known and socially popular in Cheyenne and Denver. The sons of numerous rich ranchmen and oil magnates had showered their attentions upon her, and rivalry for her hand had been keen. Courtship of her finally had narrowed down to a close contest by Richard McQueary, manager of the large oil interests of his father, Samuel McQueary; Harry Sylvester, son of Frank Sylvester, one of the real cattle barons of the West, and Fred Manford, the bank cashier. And barely two months before the three Manford boys went to war Miss Collier had decided in favor of the poor man of the trio, and had become engaged to Fred.

The girl, whose ancestors fought in both the Civil War and the War of the American Revolution, was even more disappointed than her fiance by the outcome of the lots drawn by the Manford boys. She had no brothers to give to her country, so she had set her heart upon seeing the man she expected to marry go over to France and take a man's part in the conflict.

A year passed. The Americans began to get into the thick of things abroad—and especially the Marines, to which the three younger Manford boys belonged. Then came Chateau-Thierry and the battles of the Argonne Wood. And in due time came letters from Edward and Frank and John, telling of their participation in the Great Adventure—letters that brought a new light to the pale, pinched face of the frail little mother in the Manford home, and that made the whole town mighty proud of "its boys."

Fred Manford, Now an Officer in the U. S. Marines, Whose Romance Was Saved for Him by His Rivals.

To June Collier, sweetheart of the stay-at-home, these letters were as hot irons applied to tender flesh. Her feeling became one of unconcealed mortification that her fiance was "out of it," instead of being with the colors over there in France.

And what anguish of heart and mind Fred Manford suffered in private only the grim pressing together of his lips and the rebellious look in his eyes bore faint witness to.

At last come November, and with it a letter from Frank, written in a hospital in France. He had been seriously wounded, but he would recover. And the whole burden of his missive was a boyish wail that he would be laid up, and therefore kept "out of the fun," for probably three or four months.

However, he had received his wounds in the very thick of the scrap, and had given a good account of himself before the boche's shrapnel had knocked him out.

June Collier read that letter, and then she made one of the important decisions of her life. Tenderly but very firmly she told Fred Manford that, no matter how much she loved him, she never would marry a man who had not donned the uniform of his country in this greatest of all wars. Unless he erased the stigma of being a "stay-at-home," their engagement must end.

In vain Fred pleaded with his sweetheart. No matter what reasons kept him at home, she said, when the war was over and those reasons had been forgotten by their friends, he would be regarded in some extent as a slacker and a coward. And she could not retain her respect and love for a man who was placed in such a light.

"June," he pleaded, "don't you love me any more?"

"I love you, yes," she said, when he strove to take her in his arms, "but I can never marry you unless you put on the uniform of your country and join the boys over there."

"But I want to," he said. "You know, and every one knows, how I desire to go; that it is perfect misery to stay behind."

"I know," she answered; "but I feel that otherwise we could never know real happiness."

And her unshakable ultimatum was that she would see her sweetheart no more until he came to her in a uniform on the way into service.

For a couple of days young Manford was in despair.

"I love you, yes!" she said, when he strove to take her in his arms; "but I can never marry you unless you put on the uniform of your country and join the boys over there!"

Then, in a flash, he recalled stories of how wealthy men had hired substitutes to take their places in the conscription of the Civil War. And he conceived the plan of selling himself as a substitute for some coward.

For enough money to assure the proper care of his mother and sisters, young Manford would sell himself like a sack of flour or a ton of coal—to ease the way for some person without red blood in his veins, to take some coward's name and responsibilities—possibly to die in another's place, his own bravery and sacrifice forever hidden from his own family.

Enthused over this possible avenue of escape, Manford—without pausing to consult a lawyer or his draft board over the feasibility of his scheme—sent special delivery letters, containing the unique advertisement already quoted, to all the newspapers in Denver—the nearest large city.

But, instead of getting several replies, as he had hoped for, the young bank cashier was summoned before the draft board. The advertisement—which had attracted widespread attention—had been called to the notice of the board members. He was told that the Selective Service law does not permit substitution; therefore, he must abandon his plan.

This seemed the last straw to Fred Manford. The loss of both his sweetheart and his martial ambitions—which to him meant his honor—appeared almost inevitable.

But the members of the draft board were not the only persons in Auburn who had learned of Manford's desperate efforts to join Uncle Sam's fighting men. Within a few hours after the first Denver papers containing the young man's advertisement reached the town, every one was talking about the matter.

For two days they continued to talk, while Fred—deeply sensitive over what he regarded as his "humiliation"—sought to shun his friends and keep as much as possible in the background.

Then, when he had reached the very depths of despair, a most unexpected thing happened.

Shortly after the bank had closed two young men approached Fred and requested a few words in private. They were Richard McQueary and Harry Sylvester, the rich youths he had defeated in the struggle for the heart of pretty June Collier.

The visitors came came to the point at once. They had seen Fred's advertisement and they considered it one of the finest and nerviest things they ever had come up against. All three of them had been raised together, and even if Fred had won the girl they all loved, their staunch friendship never had wavered. So they were going to see him through.

Both McQueary and Sylvester were in the draft and expected to be called soon. They were not slackers. But out of typically Western sense of fair play they wanted any other chap as game as Fred to have his fighting chance also. So they were going to see that the Manford family received its $100 every month, and were going to split the bill between them. They didn't offer this as a loan. If Fred ever got in a position to pay it they would let him do so—without interest. If he didn't—well, they were rich enough never to miss the money. And nobody outside their three selves and one lawyer would ever know of the transaction.

Young Manford vigorously refused the proposition at first. But his friends were equally firm. And finally they won him over.

A couple of days later Fred Manford left Auburn to join his brothers in Uncle Sam's Marines. And when he departed Miss June Collier, a diamond once more glistening on the third finger of her left hand, kissed him good-by—and then hurried off to hang a service flag with one star in a window of her home.

Miss June Collier, Who Wouldn't Marry the Man She Loved Unless He Put on Uncle Sam's Uniform and Whose Dilemma Was So Unselfishly Solved by Two Suitors She Had Rejected.

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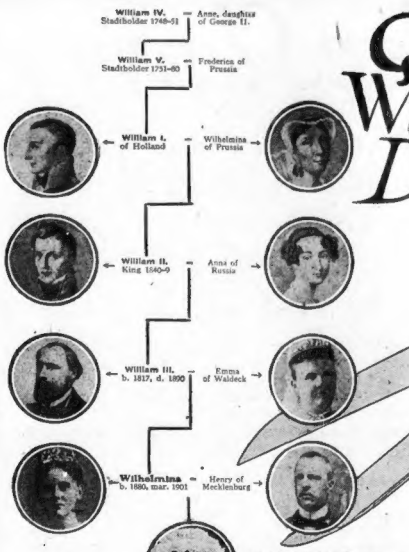
Queen Wilhelmina's Dilemma



Genealogical Tree, Showing the Immediate Ancestry of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Reports from That Country Indicate That She Must Either "Cut Out" Her German Husband or Lose the Throne for Herself and Her Little Daughter.

The Little Princess Juliana, with Her Toys, the Only Dutch Born Heir to the Throne of Holland.

Throw Out Her German Husband ---or Cling to Him and Lose Her Throne, the Alternative She May Have to Face

THE monarchical system in Europe has produced a heartrending situation which it is difficult for Americans to understand.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is faced with the alternative of giving up her throne or giving up her husband.

Imagine an American President being informed that he must resign his office or give up his wife! That is virtually the situation that exists in Holland.

Queen Wilhelmina naturally does not wish to give up her throne, which she inherited from her ancestors, and which is the chief interest of her life. But she also does not wish to give up her husband, to whom she has become attached after many years of married life, in spite of frequent quarrels and much bad behavior on his part. It is a universal characteristic of womanly nature to become attached in such cases.

The Hollanders' objections to the Queen's husband, Prince Henry, are imperative and unanswerable. They point out that he is an obstinate German, a sympathizer with autocracy, a war profiteer and a traitor to Holland's interests.

The situation was very moderately stated by Isaac Yorkink, a Dutch author and capitalist, who has been visiting America. He is president of the Dutch East Indies Trading Company. Many other Hollanders have expressed similar views.

"It will be a choice between two loves," said Mr. Yorkink. "It is my opinion that Queen Wilhelmina will decide in favor of remaining with her people, whose love for her argues against any change in the form of government.

"The probable banishing of Prince Henry from Holland will be primarily due to his being a German. The Hollanders have been, with a few exceptions, pro-Ally from the start of the war."

Reports from The Hague indicate that there are three parties in Holland: (1) A small aristocratic party, including those who welcomed the fallen Kaiser, who will keep the Prince in his position; (2) a large party of moderates, including many Socialists, who are thoroughly in favor of Queen Wilhelmina's remaining on the throne, but insist that her husband must go; (3) the extremists, more or less akin to the Bolsheviki, who aim to drive out both the Queen and her husband and make Holland a communistic republic, with its wealth distributed among the roughest members of the community.

Impartial observers say that in order to prevent Holland from falling into the hands of the third party it is necessary that the Queen should accede to the demands of the second party by sending her husband away.

Complete arrangements have been made for converting Holland into a republic should conditions require it.

In deciding whether she shall banish her husband, Queen Wilhelmina has not only her own interests to think of. She has to think of her little daughter, her only child. Any act of the Queen's which led to the establishment of a republic would, of course, deprive the child of her inheritance.

The majority of the Dutch people apparently are attached to the Queen for personal and historic reasons. She is the last direct representative of the House of Orange, a lineal descendant through the male line of William of Orange, who occupies a similar position in Dutch history to that of George Washington in American history. The Dutch people watched Wilhelmina's growth from infancy, her education, her games, her marriage and her family life just as if she were their own daughter.

The trouble centering about the Prince Consort arose during the first few months of their marriage, when it was learned that he was ill-treating his wife and had even threatened her with violence. He was Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a cousin of one of the minor potentates of the German Empire.

Fat, gross, brutal, sensual, without a gleam of intellect in his expression, the Prince is a fine specimen of the German aristocrat and officer. He is, in fact, the incarnation of what the French poet calls "the blond beast."

Uncomfortable as the Prince's position was at all times it has grown far worse during the war on account of his shameless pro-Germanism. This has continued right up to the present moment, and few doubt that the Prince would, if able, assist the Kaiser from his Dutch retreat to regain his power in Germany.

The Prince's profiteering activities have infuriated the Dutch particularly. Food has risen there to famine prices, largely on account of the export of large quantities to Germany. Butter, when it is to be had, costs $6.50 a pound. The rationing system allows each adult not more than two ounces of meat per week.

The Prince Consort bought up 150,000 acres of land, which he turned into a game preserve, principally for the raising of wild pigs, his favorite beasts. He refused to rent or sell this land when it was acutely needed for food-growing purposes.

He has supported every German commercial scheme for getting control of Dutch business, including the German project for reclaiming the Zuyder Zee.

At the very outset of the war the Dutch people were horrified to see the atrocities committed under their very eyes by the Germans upon the poor Belgians. In defiance of this sentiment Prince Henry maintained the most friendly relations with the German officers who directed these atrocities.

A large number of German officers were among the German troops who strayed over the Dutch frontier and were interned. Prince Henry is still an officer in the German army, and many of these men were his friends. He visited them in their camps and supplied them with wine, beer and other luxuries. This was bad enough, but he went much further when he motored across the Dutch frontier and visited the German officers in Belgium. It is stated that on the day of the German massacre at Louvain the Prince was enjoying a convivial time with German officers in a nearby camp.

The Dutch Government issued an order that no Dutch officer should visit or fraternize with German officers. Prince Henry continued his visits to the Germans, and a Cabinet meeting was held to consider his conduct. He is a general in the Dutch army and an admiral in the Dutch navy.

The Prince was summoned to meet the Cabinet at the War Office. He was informed that he had broken the regulations made for Dutch officers and that his familiarity with German officers must cease.

"I shall not permit you to dictate my personal affairs or prevent me from visiting my friends," replied the fat Prince haughtily.

"Then we shall be obliged to deprive your Royal Highness of your rank in the army and navy," said the Prime Minister.

"You are insulting me," roared the Prince.

As a result of this meeting the Prince was kept practically a prisoner in the Royal Palace and was only allowed to travel to other parts of Holland under a guard.

In spite of these precautions he never ceased his pro-German activities, and whenever any question arose with Dutch officials he fought as obstinately for the German side as King Constantine did in Greece.

Shortly before the ending of the war several men of distinctly pro-Ally sentiments took office in the Dutch Government, as it was realized then that the first law of nature was to keep on good terms with the Allies. These officials made their plans to deal summarily with the Prince.

Queen Wilhelmina as She Looked a Few Years Ago, When Her Attractive Appearance Had Done Much to Establish Her Popularity in Holland.

As already noted, Holland's troubles with this Prince began when he was married. It was commonly believed in Holland that he used to beat his wife. According to one report, Major Van Tets, a young Dutch officer, who defended the Queen, was killed in a duel with the Prince.

Certain it was that the pair did not lead a happy married life. The Prince was absent for long periods in Germany. Such public absences do not occur in royal families unless there is a serious disagreement.

Everybody was anxious that the Queen should provide an heir to the throne in order that there might be no future uncertainty about the crown. Again and again the hopes of the Queen and her people were raised, only to be disappointed. Three times in eight years were they disappointed. Popular opinion attributed these unhappy episodes to the Prince's cruel treatment of his wife and national sentiment became very bitter against him.

At last, in 1909, the Queen gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Juliana. Upon this delicate child rests the only hope of preserving the Dutch monarchy, for the next heir is a German, who would not be tolerated. She will be Queen of the Netherlands if she lives and no revolution occurs.

At the time of the child's birth Prince Henry had done a good deal to overcome his original unpopularity in Holland. In 1908 he organized a rescue party when a ship was sinking off the coast near Rotterdam. Three times he went into the water and helped to save many drowning passengers. This achievement naturally made him something of a hero. A big steamship was christened "Prince Henry of the Netherlands" in honor of this event.

The birth of his daughter raised him temporarily in public estimation. He settled down to happy domestic life with the Queen, who showed every mark, in photographs, of enjoying his society.

There was, of course, little probability that the Queen would have any other heir, boy or girl, and the little Princess Juliana then became the last chance of preserving the native dynasty. It was a singular coincidence that exactly the same situation arose when Queen Wilhelmina was born, for she was then the last native-born member of the House of Orange. The constitution was changed at that time to permit a woman's accession to the throne.

The next heir presumptive to the throne after the Princess Juliana was the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, one of the minor sovereigns of the German Empire overturned by the recent revolution. The fallen Kaiser was also related to the Queen, but his descent from the House of Orange went back to a period before the adoption of the present Dutch constitution.

To allow any German prince to succeed to the throne would, of course, mean the loss of Holland's independence, and the Dutch Government prepared a plan under which, in case of the Queen's death without children, Holland would immediately become a republic.

Under these circumstances it may be imagined that the Queen and the Dutch nation became completely absorbed in the life and doings of the little Princess. The people looked upon her as almost their own child, and photographs of her playing with her toys became popular in every clutch home. How they felt about her may be judged from a recent letter from a Dutch correspondent, who wrote:

"Princess Juliana, tightly clasping a Teddy bear to her breast, has been caught by the camera. The photograph which gives greatest pleasure to the loyal Dutch—and they all are loyal—depicts the future Queen making much ado over her frowsy toy while she is out driving.

"In the beginning of her doll days the Princess would have none but the Dutch kind—sabots, woolen skirts, the national headdress and all. It is remembered how once she spurned the Paris made, silk-furbelowed doll sent to her by President Fallieres, to the great delight of the people, whose hearts are wrapped up in her. But now she passes the homely little Dutch dolls with disdain and lavishes all her affection on an American-made Teddy bear."

Stout Prince Henry of the Netherlands, Formerly Prince Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Husband of Queen Wilhelmina, with His Little Daughter.

Here it must be noted that the Queen has lost a good deal of the affection which the Dutch people felt for her in youth. This warm affection was in large part aroused by the fact that she was a very pretty child and looked charming in Dutch national costume.

As she has grown older she has grown very stout and ungraceful. The truth is that Her Majesty is a very heavy eater. An indiscreet Frenchman has published the following particulars of her daily diet:

8 a. m. Coffee with whipped cream, a dozen slices of bread and butter.

10 a. m. Two hot meat or fish patties, cheese.

2 p. m. Lunch, usually hors d'oeuvres, fish, roast beef, fowl, dessert, wine.

4 p .m. Tea, ham sandwiches.

8 p. m. Dinner, consisting of eight courses.

10 p. m. Biscuits, liqueurs.

Prince Henry took a great interest in the management of the Queen's wine cellars, which are said to contain the finest collection of Burgundies and Rhine wines in Europe. This pleasant hobby helped him to forget his troubles with the Dutch Government and people.

The five years before the war were comparatively quiet and happy ones for the Queen and Prince Consort. Now the obstinate pro-Germanism of the Prince, combined with war distress and the growth of Socialism in Holland, has made him more hated than ever.

Will the Queen save her throne by discarding her husband

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My Three Years of German Slavery

The Young Countess de Gaza-Pascal, Whose Chateau in France Was Occupied by Hindenburg and Others in High Command, Reveals for the First Time the Details of Unsuspected Savagery Behind the German Lines in Devastated France Which Stands Unparalleled by Anything in History

The Countess de Gaza-Pascal

By the Countess de Gaza-Pascal

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(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER III.

THE order to prepare my chateau for Field Marshal von Hindenburg and Obergeneral von Ludendorff was brought me by an aide attached to the staff of the artillery corps, which, as I have described before, had requisitioned my home, myself and my servants

"In two hours they will be here, Madame," the aide said. "The house must be fully prepared for their reception. They will rest here for the night at least."

This meant that in two hours I had to rearrange completely the furnishings of my rooms, divide the upper floors of the chateau into two suites, and provide elsewhere for the officers accompanying the two generals in chief. To do this I had to remove for the night the belongings of the artillery staff officers who regularly occupied these rooms, move heavy pieces of furniture, superintend the preparation of an unusually elaborate meal—from stores provided by the invaders—and all with no other assistance than that of Madeleine, the refugee from the Chateau Abancourt, of whom I told last Sunday, two other young girls who lived with me, and my women servants. The preparations were superintended by the aide, but he did not deign to help.

Promptly at the end of the two-hour period the gray automobiles which I had seen pass the chateau earlier in the day, going to Epinoy, the nearby town, drew up in front of the chateau. A dozen or more staff officers leaped out of the machines and stood at attention in two lines inside the chateau gate. A portly, pompous general, whom I recognized as General Stenger, commander of the sector, stepped out of a car, and behind him two others—von Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

General Stenger and Major von Ellmann, who I afterward learned was chief of the personal staff of von Hindenburg, entered the chateau first. Obeying an order by the aide, I had assembled all the members of my household, and stood with them at the rear of the great reception Hall. Hindenburg, Ludendorff and General Stenger paid no attention to us. Hindenburg stepped at once into the salon, followed by the others. Major Ellmann, however, crossed the reception hall, and when I had been pointed out to him by the aide as the mistress of the chateau, addressed me:

"You will be held personally responsible for the comfort and the attendance of servants upon their Excellencies. You will so inform your servants. For any inattention they shall be immediately disciplined. You will now accompany me."

I followed him into the salon where Hindenburg and Ludendorff were seated, with Stenger standing at one side, and other officers grouped about.

"This is the tenant of the chateau, your Excellencies," Major Ellmann said when he had stood at attention until Hindenburg took notice of him. It was at once evident to me it was the custom to bring a temporary hostess before the Marshal.

It would be difficult to describe my feelings as I stood before all these officers, two of them holding in their hands the destinies of the German Empire, and all together symbolizing the cruelty, treachery and ruthlessness which were bathing the world in tears and blood. I felt no thrill of awe—only repugnance and a woman's fear. I could see only Hindenburg, who imoressed me as an enormous mountain of flesh—the embodiment of force.

The Field Marshal turned his head just enough to scan me from head to feet. He passed his eyes over me only once and then turned them away. He made no sign. His manner was that of an overfed lion, too contemptuous of the lesser things of the earth to give them more than passing notice.

Ludendorff looked at me as if I were not there at all. I remember I shrank a little when I turned my eyes into his. I felt as if I were transparent—as if he were looking through my body and at something behind me.

Major Ellmann knew his chiefs. He interpreted their silence as a desire to have the ceremony of examination of their hostess over with. He touched me on the arm.

"You are dismissed, Madame."

He followed me out of the room and gave me instructions for the serving of the meal. A soldier chef and his assistants took possession of the kitchens. The visitors would eat in the mess room—my dining room—the officer said, and there must be plenty of wine. A small crate of an especially rare wine, quite evidently garnered from some famous wine cellar in Brussels, had been carried into the kitchens by an orderly, and this I was told to serve exclusively for the Field Marshal and the Obergeneral.

While I moved about the salon floor making preparations for the meal I heard the officers talking of the sector, the latest developments on that immediate front, the general situation as between the opposing armies and tasks of the immediate future. This was early in 1916, and already, I had learned from other officers, there were indications of a strong British action in the Arras sector, of which our neighborhood was the hinterland.

For a time it seemed to me that every one must be talking, telling the results of observations, referring to suggested plans for the meeting of the expected British offensive, except Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Then there was a sudden lull. The Field Marshal was speaking at last—I knew it must be he, from the utter, indescribable finality of his tone:

"The principal opposing effort will be an attempt at convergance from Peronne and Arras, with this vicinity as the proposed theatre of heaviest operation. Cambrai will remain the main objective of the enemy left. In the present position this attempt must be expected."

More than a year later this prophecy came true. Perhaps Hindenburg expected it earlier—I know he prepared for it—but when this "principal opposing effort" happened it was just as the Field Marshal said it would be—a "convergance from Peronne and Arras," with Cambrai as the objective. It was this offensive, made by the British, which released me.

At dinner Hindenburg ate enormously, and almost exclusively of meats. The servant whose station permitted her to watch Ludendorff told me he ate little more than nothing. Under the influence of the wine Ludendorff talked freely—but only of technical things in connection with the administration of the army. Hindenburg did not even deign to listen while his officers discussed plans for the forthcoming offensive, plans which I could not understand, although I knew they meant the expenditure of a million lives. As soon as he had finished eating the Field Marshal rose, making it necessary for his officers also to push back their plates and rise. He went at once to the automobiles, the others following, and was driven to the headquarters building for a night session.

Throughout the meal Major Ellmann leered at the younger servant girls. I avoided his insulting gaze with difficulty. With the other younger officers he slyly discussed the appearance of these girls, who were the daughters of good families, forced by the fate of war to take refuge with me as menials. Before the meal was over I feared for them.

This major remained behind when the others followed their chiefs to the headquarters, to inspect arrangements for the repose of the war lords during the night. I led him through the rooms I had arranged for Hindenburg and those I had chosen for Ludendorff. I showed him then such quarters as I could improvise for General Stenger and the other high officers—it had been quite a problem to equal the demands made upon me in such a short time. Major Ellmann took pains to express his satisfaction, but he added:

"And now will you not show me where you put the servants—especially the very pretty one with the blue eyes? Blue eyes, you know, Madame, console me for my absence from the fatherland."

There was no mistaking his meaning. There could be only one interpretation of the look in his eyes. It stung me to desperation.

"If I am ordered to do that I shall appeal direct to his Excellency Marshal von Hindenburg," I declared.

Major Ellmann turned on his heel without a word and strode into the salon.

It was shortly after this visit from Hindenburg and Ludendorff that what I think was one of the greatest tragedies of which the invaders were guilty occurred. I mean the deportations of girls and women from the occupied areas.

I had heard talk of the shortage of farm labor in Germany. It was now time for the Spring planting. The Germans made a good excuse—that is, one which satisfied them. They merely said they wished to "protect the women from the dangers of the Spring operations." They did not attempt to explain why only certain ones were to be "protected"—the young, prettiest women and the healthy ones.

The deportation orders were issued by General von Beseler, of whom I have spoken before.

The first notice of the intended deportation of women was given the city at 10 o'clock at night. At that hour squads of soldiers of the Sixty-fourth Hessian Infantry regiment of the Landwehr marched into the city and separated. In a few moments they were knocking at the doors of houses. Let me tell what that knock on the door that evening meant in one household—the home of Mme. Beranger, a relative of the Prefect of the Department of the Nord.

With Mme. Beranger lived her two daughters, Mlle. Genevieve and Mlle. Yvette. The family was very prominent in the social affairs of the city before the war. M. Beranger was fighting. The two daughters, Yvette, seventeen, and Genevieve, twenty-two, were angels of mercy for the stricken refugees from the battle zone who continually poured into the city.

Mme. Beranger and her daughters had retired. They were awakened by the pounding at the street door. Only Germans would dare be about the streets at that time of the night, they knew. Trembling, Mme. Beranger waited at the threshold of her room while Genevieve went down the stairs to open the door. Not to open a door when admittance was demanded by the soldiery would have caused any house to be burned to the ground.

A sergeant, with the air of a person performing a pleasant errand, demanded of Mlle. Genevieve how many persons there were in the house.

"Five, Mlsieur—myself, my sister and my mother and two servants."

"I must be sure—I shall conduct a search," the sergeant replied. He pushed Mlle. Genevieve aside and rushed up the steps to the floor above. Mme. Beranger met him and demanded to know his mission. Roughly he pushed her aside and entered her room. He looked under the bed and into the closets. He went into the hall again and put his hand on a doorknob. Mme Beranger tried to prevent his entering that room.

"That is my daughter's room—she has retired," Mme. Beranger cried.

"I will awaken her myself," the sergeant answered, quite pleased apparently.

He threw open the door and entered. Mlle. Yvette had been awakened, and had crouched under the covers in alarm. The sergeant dragged the covers from the bed.

"You must get up, Mademoiselle," he said. "An officer will be here in twenty minutes. It is most likely he will choose you to accompany him."

He then went into all the other rooms in the Beranger house, but found the two servants were only old women. He did not trouble to compel them to arise. When he had finished his inspection he left, with another warning that "the officer will be here in twenty minutes."

Mme. Beranger and the girls did not know what it meant. They looked into the street, and then the truth dawned upon them. They heard screams from neighboring houses, and in the dark they saw little groups clustered here and there, with an occasional burning torch to reveal them as trembling women guarded by soldiers.

Before the twenty minutes had passed the officer, with a squad of men, stopped in front of the Beranger house. The officer entered without knocking and read from a slip

I HAVE SEEN two unfortunate little ones born in my own house and greeted with the ribald jests of these men.

I HAVE SEEN the graves in the cemetery near my chateau torn open, the rings, crucifixes and trinkets taken and even the gold in the teeth stripped from the jaws—and the bones tossed into a heap.

I HAVE SEEN the heartbroken relatives reverently searching these heaps of bones, smoothing over the torn graves and piecing together the broken headstones.

I HAVE SEEN the deportations—the families assembled to be torn apart at an officer's command, the men and boys marched off to far-away munition factories; the women sent away to work in the fields, and the pretty girls retained for the officers' entertainment.

I HAVE SEEN the spies come and go—those tireless and conscienceless wretches who creep back and forth through the military lines and also watch and listen and betray the people of the town.

I HAVE SEEN their pitiful victims marched through the streets, and soon I have heard the guns of the firing squad.

I HAVE SEEN Prince Eitel reeling about in the arms of women he had sent for from Berlin to entertain him——

But I will tell this in detail; all this and a thousand other things which were burned into my brain and heart and soul through the long hours of the endless days and nights of that three years of horror.

PHOTOS PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

Almost the entire civilian population of an occupied town near Epinoy, the home of the Countess de Gaza-Pascal, being deported by the invaders for labor near the front lines. An official photograph

Inhabitants of an invaded ci bayonet, while young deportation to

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"Squads of soldiers, each with a group of shivering, half-dazed girls and women, marched along. Each captive carried her thirty-three pounds of baggage—except those who had been too frightened to gather it before it was too late. But few of the women wept. They were too proud to give their captors a sight of tears."

This picture by Matania, the Italian artist whose war work has attracted world-wide attention, admirably illustrates the Countess de Gaza-Pascal's word picture of the deportation scene in the city near her chateau.

The women of Epinoy being taken to Cambrai, there to be put on trains after a cruel "medical examination," for deportation into the heart of Germany, where slavery was in store for them

behind the lines herded at the point of the women and men were selected for the the harvest fields of the enemy

poor—evidently a report made by the sergeant: d of the woman Beranger; two daughters." Look- from the paper, he demanded of Mme Beranger, your daughters before me at once."

en the officer saw the two girls he immediately ed the younger, Yvette. He asked her name, and he had given it he said, quite coldly: "You will be to accompany me in five minutes—the soldiers will If you are not prepared then no delay will be f you."

s. Beranger flung herself at his feet, but he avoided stepped out of the house. Two soldiers stepped house and closed the door behind them.

three women could not comprehend. They became hysterical. A soldier said, "The mademoiselle had better hurry—she has but a few minutes." But Yvette could not leave her mother's arms. The soldier caught her roughly and pushed her up the stairs, while his comrade barred the way to the mother and sister. Yvette threw herself into her room and tried to close her door. The soldier blocked it with his foot, and then entered after her. Yvette still was in her night robe, but the soldier ordered her to dress herself immediately—"and without too much care or you will not be able to finish," he advised her.

The girl wrapped her clothes around her. The soldier caught up a comb and brush and put them in her hands; then he led her downstairs. To her mother he said: "She will be allowed to take thirty-three pounds of baggage, a spoon, a fork, a cup and a blanket, besides the comb and brush she already has. Procure them quickly."

The mother hurried to make up this allotment. Yvette clung to Genevieve. In a few more minutes soldiers drew up in front of the house, the officer entered again and the soldiers inside caught Yvette by the shoulders and forcibly escorted her into the street.

"Be brave, my child—we will pray for you!"—that was the parting cry of the mother and sister.

In the streets there were sentries posted at every corner. Squads of soldiers, each with a group of shivering, half dazed girls and women, marched along. Each prisoner carried her thirty-three pounds of permissible baggage—except those who had been too frightened to gather it before it was too late.

An hour after daybreak mounted officers approached the concentration point, and the captives were ordered to march, the soldiers lining up at either side of the column into which the women were formed. Even thirty-three pounds of baggage grows heavy when one's heart and soul are heavy, too—and the Germans evidently knew this. They provided a few carts, commandeered from the fields, and into these the prisoners were allowed to pile their few belongings, if they wished.

The column moved out along the road toward Cambrai. The soldiers jeered at those women, who, according to German standards, were not attractive. They leered at the younger ones. Insulting things were called back and forth. But few of the women wept—even the girls of fifteen were too proud to give the captors a sight of tears. Some of them walked as straight and haughty as ever any aristocrat walked to the guillotine in the days of the Revolution.

The column reached Cambrai at noon. The women were marched through the streets of the city to the freight sheds at the railway station. Only soldiers were in the streets, as the citizens of Cambrai had been confined to their houses all morning while other columns of women to be deported were concentrated there. These came from other neighboring cities, as this deportation covered an entire district beyond Cambrai. Some women and young girls had been waiting, cramped in the sheds, since early the night before. There was nothing to eat or drink for any save what they had been able to take with them.

Shortly after the Epinoy column, in which was Mlle. Yvette, arrived at the Cambrai sheds the "medical inspection" began. This episode of the deportation of women always was a brutal farce—a mere exhibition of inhumanity. I was told of it by a young woman who had experienced it, and who had been allowed to return to her home when it was found she was in the far stages of phthisis, that affliction which in America is called tuberculosis. This poor girl was cruelly marked for the few months she had to live—even among her friends in Epinoy.

The diagnosis of the German surgeon gave no particulars. He hung a metal tag around her neck, on which there were stamped the words "Medically suspect"—a verdict which in France means something horrible. To the Germans it meant disability arising from any malady. The tag had to be worn and exhibited to sentries for several days, or the girl would have been summarily arrested as an escaped deportee.

The women were lined up outside the sheds, in front of the railway station, in which the auditorium had been closed off. Long tables were placed in the centre of the large room. Army surgeons were grouped about these tables, and sentries lounged around the room. In groups of ten and fifteen the captives were led into this barren space. They were compelled to completely divest themselves of their clothing, piling it with their baggage on the floor beside them, and then wait in line at the tables for the brutal inspection insisted upon by the surgeons.

It must be remembered that only a few of these deported women were of the peasant class—the class which might be expected, in some districts, to accept such embarrassments with the least shame. The majority of them were members of good families—some, like Yvette, were the daughters of families of social distinction; some were descendants of the old aristocracy. Of the older women nearly all had husbands at the front. To such as these this "medical examination," with its cruelties, its jibes on the lips of coarse soldiers and jests from fatuous surgeons, was a horror beyond description.

The German authorities would give no satisfactory explanation of the necessity of this formality to those who gathered sufficient courage to protest against the indignity. "There are certain rules; we follow them, and make no exceptions. We do not question the justice of the rules," was the invariable reply, in substance.

Women who waited outside the station auditorium heard the screams and cries of those who preceded them and who were undergoing this barbarity. Soldiers guarding the line outside were continually impatient for a turn at relieving the sentries inside the "examination room."

Throughout the day and until the early hours of the next morning the medical inspection lasted. More than a thousand deportees had been gathered at Cambrai. Each woman was given a ticket after her examination. Some lost these cards in the confusion of putting on their clothes and being hurried out into the sheds again. These were promptly thrown into the waiting line again and compelled to go through the ordeal once more.

Some of the women were ill—lack of sufficient food, from which the residents of all occupied villages were suffering, and mental stress, had weakened almost all of them. When one who was more ill than others complained to a surgeon the reply would be, "The country air will do you good," or "Germany is a splendid resort for recuperation."

In the morning a long line of empty cattle and freight cars drew up beside the station. An officer went from car to car, judged the room inside by a glance at its exterior, and wrote with blue chalk across its door the number of women to be placed within. On one car he would write "eighteen women," on another "twelve women," and so on. As fast as he marked the cars the soldiers loaded the captives into it. There are no steps on the German freight cars, and the soldiers roughly lifted the women in, throwing their baggage after them.

From two to six soldiers, with bayonets fixed, climbed into each car with the women. One of these in almost every car had some acquaintance with French. Some were more kind than the others. Women who were guarded by these were fortunate, for the majority of the guards enjoyed the predicament of the captives.

I brought to America with me the diary kept by one of the young women on this train, in which she tells of the experiences of herself and her party on her way to Germany and during her captivity. This young woman escaped after five months through the agency of a German woman who once had known her mother. I shall reveal this record, the only one of its kind which has filtered into France, on these pages next Sunday.

(Issued Next Sunday)

The Black Stone — By George Gibbs

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THE Summer the great war in Europe breaks out finds Alan Jessup, a young American millionaire, very much bored with an idle rich man's existence. But even the urging of Constance Masterson, the young woman he has expected to marry, fails to rouse him from his lethargy and make him try to do something worth while. At last, she tells him that she cannot marry a man whose life is so lacking in purpose and that she is going to England to become a Red Cross nurse.

More disgusted with life than ever Jessup decides to sail on his palatial yacht "Turkana" for East Africa and do some big game hunting. He invites as his guest on the voyage Count Conrad von Hengel, a captain in the German army, who says that he has been ordered to East Africa to join his regiment. Von Hengel is also in love with Constance Masterson, but she has declared friendship with him at an end on account of the crimes his country is committing in France and Belgium.

Start of the voyage is delayed several weeks while von Hengel completes certain arrangements with the German ambassador. When the Turkana finally does set sail, it is with von Hengel travelling under an assumed name and with a Swedish passport. The captain of the yacht warns Jessup of the danger of countenancing such deception as this in time of war, but the latter carelessly dismisses the matter as no affair of his. A British cruiser appears and fires several shots when the Turkana fails to stop in response to its signals.

CHAPTER III. (Continued)
The Turkana.

ANOTHER geyser of water, a little behind the first one, and a sailor brought a slip of paper from the wireless room. Captain Hoagland read it with a frown.

"He repeats his request."

"Repeat my reply," said Jessup, imperturbably, "and give her twenty-eight, Hoagland."

"Aye, aye, sir. Twenty-eight it is."

Jessup watched the race through his binoculars, at last really interested. The Turkana was an exceptionally speedy boat, but had never yet been forced to her limit. A stern chase was a long one and providing they stopped shooting——

Another geyser, not a hundred yards away! Another shot ricochetting astern and splashing beyond.

"Silly ass!" muttered Jessup. "He'll be hitting us next."

He spoke in tones of quiet reprobation—which conveyed a good-humored surprise and contempt for the whole performance.

Von Hengel stood beside him, swinging easily to the motion of the yacht.

"That would be too bad," he said, in his deep tones, "but they cannot be aiming at us. The English are very bad at target practice. In Germany we laugh at their records. It is only because they are not aiming at us that we come so near to being hit."

"H-m," said Jessup.

The Turkana was now making fine speed of it and the last shots of the cruiser went short and wide. Jessup was conscious of a slight sense of disappointment that the incident was over. It was most interesting. For a moment his blood had actually tingled at the sense of danger. It was like a new game. He walked aft with Hoagland to the door of the wireless room and questioned.

"He's sending code now, sir," said the operator.

"Code? To whom?"

"Another war ship, I'd say, sir."

"Oh," wearily. The excitement was over. The Comet was only a dirty smudge on the horizon. "You may reduce speed, Hoagland."

He threw himself into an easy chair aft and von Hengel joined him. In a moment the German took a tablet and pencil from his pocket and began slowly writing, consulting from time to time a small notebook. Jessup had forgotten him and was watching in a dejected manner the distant horizon when the sound of his companion's voice aroused him from his reverie.

"Would you mind, my friend?" asked von Hengel. "There is an important matter for von Bernstorff which I forgot. Could I use the wireless.

"Of course," said Jessup, hospitably. "Tell the operator to take your message," and then relapsed in his thoughts.

"Thanks, my dear Alan. You are very kind," said von Hengel with a white flash of his teeth as he smiled, and made his way to the wireless room, whence after a while came a renewed crackling of the instrument. Jessup felt like taking a nap, but the racket seemed to get on his nerves. Why couldn't von Hengel sit quiet and let the world be? Wonderful thing, the wireless, but it was all a mistake. One couldn't slip off to sea nowadays without taking the whole world along with him. He would have the plaguey thing dismantled. He got up and paced the deck for a while, where von Hengel joined him.

"Some trifling details of routine matter which I forgot," he explained.

"Sorry," said Jessup.

Captain von Hengel spent a good part of the day at a desk writing. His thoughts seemed abstracted and Jessup did not intrude. Toward night a message in code came for von Hengel which the operator had some difficulty in deciphering. The German read it with interest and after sending a reply went below and turned in. But Jessup, who found his chair aft comfortable, remained on deck to smoke a pipe.

There Captain Hoagland sought him.

"Ah, Hoagland, sit down and have a smoke."

"No, thanks, Mr. Jessup, but I'll sit a minute."

The man's deep voice rumbled in a troubled way.

"Something wrong aboard, Hoagland?"

The Captain's huge hands clasped the arm of the chair and moved it a little closer to Jessup's.

"To tell the truth, sir, there is," he muttered. "I'm a plain man, accustomed to speak out. I'm no meddler with your affairs, sir, but while I'm captain of this craft I look to her safety and yours."

Jessup lazily opened one eye.

"You mean—er—the British cruiser"——

"Yes, sir," said Hoagland. "That and other things. If you must know the truth, I don't like the goings on of your guest, Captain von Hengel, sir."

Jessup sat up straight and stared at his captain.

"This is rather unusual, Captain Hoagland," he said, reprovingly.

"Yes, sir, it is, and I'm sorry if you don't like it. But I've got to speak. America isn't in this war—at least not yet, sir. You're a neutral and I'm no Anglo-maniac, but I'm not one to see England get a shot in the back if I can help it."

"What do you mean?" asked Jessup, now leaning forward with a new interest.

"There's a German raider somewhere in the Atlantic, sir—and there's others in the Pacific coming around. I've got this straight. I tell you, sir, I don't fancy the Turkana or any one aboard of her sending messages to put British ships in danger."

"You think that Captain von Hengel"——

"Those wireless messages he sent were picked up close at hand, and the ones he received didn't come from Sayville or Tuckerton. They came from ships afloat, sir—hard by—enemies of England"——

"Really, you surprise me."

"It's the truth sir. I'm no quitter. And I'll play any game straight with hands above the table, but I'm not for putting the Turkana in wrong with the British while I sail the seas if I can help it."

"Most extraordinary!" said Jessup. "You really think"——He paused for lack of words.

"Mr. Jessup, we took a chance this morning. But England is in no mood to stand for any foolishness. A good many British ships have been sunk already. The Comet and a few others will follow if your German guest has his way"——

"You can't forget, Hoagland," said Jessup calmly, "that he is my guest."

"But that doesn't give him the privileges of the wireless room," said Hoagland warmly. "Now, does it, sir?"

Jessup was silent for a moment.

"I can't deny"—— he began. And then shaking out his pipe. "Aren't you rather exaggerating things, Hoagland?"

"I wish I was, sir," said the captain with a short laugh. "You're bound for Cairo, aren't you, sir? That means Gibraltar. What kind of a talk can I make if the Turkana keeps on refusing to heave to?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's easier to let 'em come aboard, isn't it? But then, Hoagland, you must admit that chase this morning was jolly—awfly jolly."

"I'm glad you think so, Mr. Jessup," dryly, "but I've no humor to be sunk on the first deep-sea cruise we've had in two years."

"Oh, I say, they wouldn't really sink us. We're not in this thing."

"We're nearer in it than I like—carrying German army captains who aren't above violating"——

"Captain Hoagland, Count von Hengel is my guest. I have offered to take him through to German East Africa. Perhaps I have made a mistake, but I will abide by it. As long as he is my guest he must be respected accordingly."

Hoagland rose respectfully. "Very good, sir. Then you approve of his sending wireless messages?"

"No. The wireless must get out of order."

"And at Gibraltar?"

Hoagland paused and turned back.

"What is it, Hoagland?"

"I was thinking it might be simpler to show his papers if"——

"No." Jessup took a pace or two forward and returned. "I'm not going to lie, Hoagland. It's rather a bore, but it can't be helped. We'll keep him aboard until we land him."

"And if we sight another cruiser?"

"We must not sight one. I leave that to you."

CHAPTER IV.
The Piece of Coal.

IT always seemed to make Jessup more weary when he heard unpleasant things, but the extraordinary revelations of Captain Hoagland gave him food for thought and kept him awake much later than his usual hour. It was difficult to believe that Conrad von Hengel would so abuse the hospitality of the Turkana, but Hoagland was a good fellow and quite the most honest person, always excepting Connie, that Jessup had ever known. And much as he disliked the measures he had taken, he turned in at last with a feeling that he had at least done what he could to correct an earlier mistake in judgment. But it annoyed him that he made it, annoyed him still more that Conrad von Hengel should have thought him so complaisant a host as to permit so flagrant a violation of national neutrality.

The next few days seemed to clear the atmosphere. The breakage of the wireless instrument appeared to give the German officer a new idea of his status aboard the Turkana. No conversation upon the subject passed. Jessup merely expressed his regrets at the misfortune and von Hengel shrugged and was silent. But he understood from that moment the reason why the wireless was out of order, and as though suddenly awaking to his duty toward his host, left his cabin and became again most sociable. Jessup welcomed this change in his manner and paced the deck with him hour after hour, or sat aft reading and smoking a pipe, listening to von Hengel's grandiose plans for Pan-Germanism, the splendor of which seemed to put the rest of the world into shadow. Most of the time Alan Jessup seemed to be asleep, but every little while he would open one eye, and in his halting way inject no pertinent a question into the midst of Captain von Hengel's remarks that he showed himself not nearly so weary as he seemed. Then it was that von Hengel would frown and peer at him curiously, as though at some new characteristic that he hadn't observed before. But in the next moment Alan Jessup would yawn terrifically and utter some helplessly inappropriate remark, which reassured him as to Jessup's harmlessness.

Captain Hoagland obeyed orders not to sight other craft, and at times barely under headway and at others flying at full speed at the approach of a strange vessel, they crossed the Atlantic, making fine weather of it, sighting the tall headland of Cape St. Vincent, with its covering of soft verdure.

Hoagland paced the deck restlessly at their approach to Gibraltar, for he disliked sailing under false colors and the status of the guest aft was still a grave question in his mind. But Captain von Hengel seemed to exhibit no uneasiness at the nearness of the famous British stronghold, and expressed himself as pleased that the first stage of the voyage was over; indeed, even showing an eagerness to come to anchor and go ashore.

Alan Jessup opened both his eyes and sat bolt upright in surprise.

"Oh, I say," he said quickly, "you can't mean that you're going to try to bluff it through?"

Von Hengel laughed quietly.

"I shall not 'bluff,' as you say, my dear Alan. It will not be necessary. I shall merely go ashore like you or any other. It will be very interesting. I have never been to Gibraltar. No one will harm me. The name of Adolf Niederstrohm will be sufficient. You shall see."

And to the astonishment of Jessup, no less than that of Captain Hoagland, when the Turkana came to anchor in the roads the officer of the port accepted without reservation the passport and letters of the German, giving him the necessary permits to go ashore and visit the Swedish Consul, with whom he had business. Jessup descended with his guest into the launch, aware of new doubts as to this deception. But no question regarding their guest had been put to Jessup or Hoagland, and from the technical viewpoint their skirts were clean, but as Jessup glanced up from the stern of the moving launch toward the bridge where Captain Hoagland stood with bent head and folded arms, looking after them, he was again distinctly uncomfortable and knew that Hoagland shared his feelings. But he shrugged away his incertitude, taking a languid pleasure in the panorama of the lively harbor, the ubiquitous destroyers, the coaling transports lined with men in khaki, the busy docks beyond the Mole, and the brilliant splashes of color in the town climbing up the hills from the waterfront.

"Half of the difficulties in the world, my dear Alan," said von Hengel's deep voice calmly, out of hearing of the man at the engine, "are those which our imaginations conceive. The other half do not exist at all. You see? Here I am—quite safe. And you—quite comfortable."

They strolled up the narrow streets, past the doors of storage houses, within the doors of which were glimpses of guns, ammunition, piles of packing cases containing equipment, about which men were hurrying. Von Hengel glanced here and there, saying little, but to Alan Jessup it seemed that he missed nothing, either indoors or out. But presently they entered Church street, and strode along rather happily, for after ten days of confinement aboard ship it was good to stretch one's legs. Jessup had thought of going to the club to see if there was any one there he knew, but after a few moments' deliberation decided to follow Conrad von Hengel. The German officer seemed to know where he was going, and it was just this certitude and confidence that aroused Alan Jessup's curiosity. Although it was inconceivable that any injury could have been done by big guest to England's cause, Jessup felt a sense of responsibility growing in importance for the behavior of Mr. Adolf Niederstrohm while on British soil. But if Jessup were really interested in his movements, Conrad von Hengel could scarcely have guessed it in his companion's careless mien and lagging step. Von Hengel glanced at him and smiled. It seemed as though the interest in the new scene which had promised variety had already worn off, and that the languid Jessup was again a world-weary as ever.

"Do you know where you're going, Conrad? asked Jessup at last.

"Yes, my friend," said the German, "but I would be obliged if you would call me Adolf."

Jessup looked at him wearily.

"Hanged if I will. This is your party—not mine"——

"Then will you oblige me by not calling me anything?"

Jessup grunted.

"The Swedish Consul is two blocks back," he said. "I saw his sign."

"Really. I must have missed it. We shall stop there on the way back. Ah!" he said, halting suddenly, "here we are, my friend."

Jessup followed him across the street toward an archway over a narrow entrance, which bore the inscription, "Moghab—Antiquities." And entering, they were presently in a narrow court, at the end of which was a door that von Hengel had opened.

With the glare of the sunlight still in his eyes it was difficult for Jessup to see what sort of a place it was into which they had come, but presently he made out the shapes of ancient chests of furniture, armor and of weapons of all descriptions piled in corners or nailed upon the wall. And from behind a table in a corner by a window a man wearing a black alpaca coat and flannel trousers arose and came forward to greet them. He was tall and thin, and his dark skin was seared with many wrinkles, a very old man, but alert and active, with a pair of small, keen black eyes, which looked him over with a narrow scrutiny.

"I am Mr. Niederstrohm," said von Hengel easily. "I have heard that you have some Ben-Ghazi flintlocks for sale."

Was it mere fancy that made Jessup think that the eyes of the ancient Moghab sparkled with sudden intentness? He bowed with deference and murmured something Jessup couldn't hear. And then:

"Flintlocks! Ah, yes, Mr. Niederstrohm. Flintlocks from Ben-Ghazi, from Fezzan and Beheira, from Tunisia and Tafilet. Fine flintlocks—worth their weight in gold. Was it guns you wished or pistols?"

"Pistols," said von Hengel.

"Ah, then indeed I will show you the finest"——

Moghab moved to a chest beside the wall, and in doing so passed in front of Jessup, who was aware of the old man's quick glance of appraisal. Jessup had taken out a cigarette and was leisurely fitting it into an amber holder, while he sleepily watched the proceedings. As the Moor brought the weapons out Jessup moved nearer, listening to the old man's encomiums upon their beauties, the quality of the steel, the intricacies of the Mauresque filagree and the indubitable genuineness of the make. Von Hengel picked the weapons up one by one and examined them with a critical eye, questioning as to the price, over which he haggled for awhile, finally selecting three of the pistols.

Moghab bowed. "If the other gentleman will sit in the chair yonder by the door Mr. Niederstrohm can come into the room beyond while I pack them, so that he can see there is no mistake."

Jessup shrugged and sat. The visit had already begun to bore him exceedingly. The pistols were good enough in their way—not the "cow-corner" variety, at least, but hardly worth wasting an afternoon over. What the deuce von Hengel wanted with Moorish pistols in East Africa—he gave it up—and presently fell half asleep in his chair, drowsily aware of the murmur of voices in the adjoining room, from which after a while the two men emerged, von Hengel carrying a rug fastened with a rug strap, but from the size and weight of the bundle it was clear, to Jessup that the pistols were within. Moghab followed him, rubbing his lean hands together and showing his gums, from which as he grinned a yellow fang protruded.

"You will find none like them anywhere in the world, Mr. Niederstrohm. I hope that you will be pleased. I wish you good voyage."

In the street Jessup's curiosity got the better of him.

"Why the rug, Conrad? Surely"——

"It may save us trouble. There's no reason why we should answer questions. Now none will be asked."

"Oh, I see."

Jessup was a little amused at the "we." Rather cheeky of von Hengel to bring him into the thing. But it didn't matter, of course. Who would care how many Moorish flintlocks were carried out of Gibraltar? It was just a trifle silly of von Hengel to be making such a mystery of his purchases.

As they passed the office of the Swedish Consul Jessup called the German's attention to the sign.

But von Hengel passed on.

"It doesn't matter," he said coolly, "there was nothing to see him about." And he strode on toward the landing stage, Jessup following, aware of a rising impatience at this guest who seemed to take his host's acquiescence in everything for granted. For a moment it occurred to Jessup to leave von Hengel to his own devices and try to find the club, but he changed his mind and went on to the landing. The sooner the German officer was off British soil the better for the Turkana.

It was with some relief that Hoagland welcomed them at the gangway, though he eyed von Hengel's rug strap curiously. Jessup caught his glance, but made no comment.

"We will get under way, Hoagland, as soon as our coal is aboard," he muttered.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Hoagland.

The voyage down the Mediterranean was full of events, but none of serious consequence. They were boarded by British destroyers, who passed them on unscathed; were held up for a few hours off Ras Addar by an Austrian submarine, but in spite of these delays approached Alexandria in a little less than two weeks from the Straits. Captain von Hengel was in excellent humor, and barring a tendency in his more jubilant moods to magnify the possible achievements of kultur behaved in a most seemly fashion, asking no further favors of his host, who, having begun the voyage in a cloud of suspicion, ended by returning to an earlier estimate of his guest.

Even Captain Hoagland was mollified at the pleasant turn of affairs, and though still expressing some doubt as to the passage of the Canal, accepted von Hengel upon his face value and listened when Jessup dosed to the tune of world conquest which the German magnificently set before him. But there was one person aboard who didn't like Captain von Hengel—Mr. Jessup's man, Dawson. He was too well trained to permit a word of disparagement of Jessup's guest to pass his lips, but Jessup was aware of the antipathy of the Englishman, which showed itself in a frigid mien whenever the German was near him, in a frown when von Hengel's back was turned, and in a furtive search of von Hengel's stateroom under the guise of setting it in order. This voyage had not been much to Dawson's liking.

(Continued on Next Page)

"I saw him unwrap what looked like a piece of coal and look at it carefully, smiling a little and picking at it with his fingers."

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Thrilling Adventure, Love, Intrigue and the Great War

(Continued from Preceding Page)

The idea of valetting a gentleman in the heart of the Africa jungle was something beyond his experience. But he was fond of Mr. Jessup and all things—the evil as well as the good—some day have an end, and so, since he was indispensable to Mr. Jessup's comfort, he had come. But if he could have had his way Captain von Hengel would long ago have been dropped overboard in mid-Atlantic.

They came to anchor on a cloudless night. At dinner Conrad von Hengel was in high spirits and was friendly and grateful to his host almost to the point of sentimentality. The Turkana had been a godsend to him, and the hospitality of his good friend Jessup was a real proof of his friendship, and, indeed, of the great nation of which he was a citizen. The voyage was now more than half over. He desired to drink Alan Jessup's health and to wish him success in all his ventures. Jessup, surprised from imperturbability, drank solemnly, aware of von Hengel's desire to be more than usually pleasant, and in spite of himself wondering furtively what favor this guest was preparing to ask of him.

It seemed sure that von Hengel, by the use of his Swedish passport, was planning a visit to Cairo, where it was said the British forces were mobilizing for the Mesopotamia relief expedition, and as to this Alan Jessup had made up his mind. For neutral though he was, in the sense of being one who had tried to think as little as possible upon a disagreeable subject, the events of the past few weeks had borne in upon him the astounding fact that the naval officers at Gibraltar, the crews of the destroyers the Turkana had encountered, all spoke the same language that Jessup did, and that the Austrian submarine was quite obviously that of a foreign nation. The same train of thought had quite definitely and for the first time given Captain von Hengel a new status aboard the Turkana. Jessup had agreed to deliver him upon the east coast of Africa, and as he always kept his word he would do it, but not if he or Hoagland or the crew of the yacht could prevent it should von Hengel again set foot upon a British possession or protectorate.

Perhaps something of what had been passing in Jessup's mind was known to the German captain. It is quite certain that they turned in with the usual farewells at the usual hour, and that Jessup slept very soundly, but he was awakened at an unusually early hour by Captain Hoagland himself, who imparted the surprising information that Captain von Hengel had disappeared.

Jessup sat bolt upright in bed, forgetting even to yawn.

"Gone! Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. He's gone, all right—and the yawl which was moored at the gangway."

"And no one saw him?"

Captain Hoagland lowered his eyes. "There was only one man on watch—Connelly. He fell asleep. He's below, sir, in the caboose, thinking it over."

Jessup scrambled out of bed and felt around with his bare toes for his slippers.

"That's too bad, Hoagland. That's really too bad. I wouldn't have had this happen for"—— And then, with a sudden air of alertness quite unusual with him, "Did he go alone? Are any men missing?"

"No, sir. They're all aboard. But the story has got around as to who he is. There's Britishers among 'em and they're not very sweet about it, sir."

"H-m. Did he take a bag with him?"

"I don't know, sir. It was dark and the man on watch"——

"I beg pardon, sir, but he took no bag, Mr. Jessup." Dawson, who had entered with Captain Hoagland, stood at the foot of the bed, and now spoke up quickly, the deference of his tones punctuated with sharp accents of decision.

"And how do you know?"

"I've taken the liberty of searching his stateroom, sir. The bag is there."

"Ah! Of course."

"He brought no trunk, sir. If you'll remember, Mr. Jessup, sir, I remarked upon the strangeness of a gentleman travelling so long a distance with nothing"——

"Yes, yes," broke in Jessup with a frown. "And nothing is missing?"

"Yes, sir. There's something missing."

"What, Dawson?"

Dawson hesitated a moment, rubbing his chin.

"The rug Captain von Hengel brought aboard at Gibraltar and what was concealed in it," he said at last.

Jessup looked at his man in astonishment. The homely familiar lines of his face, the solemn expression which for so many years had greeted his every awakening, seemed for some reason astonishing novel and significant.

"What do you know about the rug brought aboard at Gibraltar."

"Nothing, sir. I wish I did."

"Why do you think he has taken it ashore?"

"Because it's not among his effects, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. I've looked carefully."

Dawson lowered his voice and cleared his throat uneasily. Begging pardon, sir, during all of this week when he was not in his stateroom, the rug-strap—and what it contained, sir, were kept locked in his bag"——

"What it contained!" said Jessup in amazement. "Merely some Moorish flintlock pistols. I was with him when he bought them."

Dawson started forward. "Flintlocks! I think you must be mistaken, sir. He brought no flintlocks aboard the Turkana."

Captain Hoagland clearly shared Mr. Jessup's surprise and mystification.

"Flintlocks?" he muttered.

"How do you know all this, Dawson?" asked Jessup eagerly.

"Begging pardon, Mr. Jessup, I've watched him, sir."

"Watched him, Dawson?"

"I had an eye on him whenever he was below here, sir. And I took the liberty of taking a peep now and then through the keyhole."

"Ah! And what did you see?"

Dawson's bony fingers dovetailed a moment nervously and he cleared his throat before he spoke again.

"It was the night we sailed from Gibraltar, sir, that I looked first. All the evening the rug had been locked in his bag, sir. Through the keyhole I saw him unlock the bag, lift the bundle out, take off the strap and unroll the rug. But there were no flintlocks in it, sir."

"What, then?"

"It was just that puzzled me, sir. I couldn't make out just what it was, and even now I'm not quite sure.

"But you say you saw"——

"It was something wrapped in a piece of paper—something the size of your two hands, heavy, roundish. He picked it up and held it and looked at it carefully, smiling a little, all the while picking at it with his fingers"——

"Picking at what?"

Dawson cleared his throat again and fingered at the seam of his trousers.

"Well, sir, if you ask me, it looked to me more than anything or—like a piece of coal."

"Coal!" cried Hoagland.

"It was roundish, but irregular, sir, as though the edges had been worn off quite smooth."

"Are you sure of this, Dawson?"

"Quite, sir. The light was very good."

"And what happened then?"

"Nothing, sir. Captain von Hengel started up suddenly and as I thought he might be opening the door I moved away."

Jessup, who had now lighted a cigarette, took a few paces across his cabin. "Coal!" he muttered; "most extraordinary!" And then: "You pursued these—er—investigations, Dawson?"

"Begging pardon—yes, sir. I examined his stateroom when he had left it on the following morning. The rug and the rug-strap were upon his bed. But the object he had brought in them was locked in the bag. I know this because I lifted it and it was very heavy."

"Ah, I see. It was heavy. The—er—piece of coal was inside."

"Yes, sir. I'm sure of it. But it wasn't coal exactly, sir—more like a black stone."

"Oh! And now"——

"The bag weighs much lighter, sir. Doubtless now it would be possible to open it."

Jessup walked to and fro, his hands fingering at the cord of his dressing gown.

"This shouldn't have happened, Hoagland. It's my fault. Perhaps there's no damage done, but I don't like the notion of this man ashore in Egypt."

"Nor I, growled Hoagland; "but what the devil use he could find for a bit of black stone"——

"Why didn't you speak of this before, Dawson?" asked Jessup.

Dawson shuffled his feet a little awkwardly.

"Well—to—to tell the truth, Mr. Jessup, sir, what I did was a bit irregular. I'm no peeper or listener, sir, you'll know that, and I wasn't sure you'd want me doing it, him being your guest, but I was suspicious of Captain von Hengel being a German and me an Englishman, and I've kept an extra eye on him. I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Jessup."

"It's all right, Dawson," said Jessup. And then, with an air of authority that was now to him, "Go and search his stateroom thoroughly. If the bag is locked—break it open."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir."

And when Dawson went out Jessup paused and looked at Hoagland who, with frowning brows, stood by the table scratching his head.

"What do you make of it, Hoagland?"

"I don't know, sir. It looks queer. Maybe he'll be coming aboard later in the day."

But Jessup shook his head, decidedly.

"No. He's not coming back, Hoagland. He's playing some game. He's used me rather nicely. But I can't help him any more, so he's quit. Pretty rotten, I call it—without a by your leave."

"But what's his game?"

Jessup shrugged and frowned.

"Something deep, Hoagland"—— Jessup broke off and walked in some agitation to a porthole and peered out. "And it's I that have brought him here."

"But what good can he do for Germany in Egypt with a piece of coal?"

"I don't know. It's puzzling—very. But the Germans always have an excellent reason for anything they do. Awful nuisance, Hoagland. But I'm going ashore. You can call the gig for nine o'clock."

"What are you going to do, sir?"

"I'm going ashore."

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"No, thanks. I'm going alone."

CHAPTER V.

The Black Stone.

FROM the air of alacrity with which Mr. Jessup descended the companion ladder of the Turkana and entered his gig to be rowed ashore at Alexandria it seemed that he was now really awake to the exigencies of the situation. He meant that not another hour should pass without informing the person in highest military authority in Egypt as to what had happened. Captain von Hengel had ceased to be the guest of the Turkana and was now merely a German officer foot-loose in an English garrison. By this act of information Alan Jessup was washing his hands of him.

The gig passed under the stern of a British hospital ship, the Mercy, and came up with the ship's launch just as it reached the landing stage. Walking hurriedly, Jessup made his way to the office of the commanding officer, where he placed the whole case before him. The general listened gravely and called in an aide, to whom he at once gave orders for an immediate search of the native quarter of the town. But the matter was deemed of such importance that the general referred it at once to the head of the Intelligence Department at Cairo, with whom he was soon in connection over the wire.

The result of this conference was Mr. Jessup's departure with Dawson for Cairo. The quick questions of this English officer with regard to the strange black object which Captain von Hengel had smuggled ashore gave Alan Jessup a new sense of importance in this mystery. Whatever General Armitage thought about the matter, he revealed nothing, but he was a man of long experience in the East, and from his manner it was clear that he believed that von Hengel's game was something deeper than that of spying upon the British expeditionary forces. But what?

As Jessup made his way to the train for Cairo, Dawson following with the two portmanteau, he puzzled deeply over the matter. Curiously enough, all thought of going on to Mombasa before this mystery was solved had left his mind. Whether he would or not, the war was already throwing its coils about him. In spite of himself he seemed to be experiencing a constantly increasing interest in British affairs and a growing desire to safeguard them from any danger his own inadvertence might have caused. It was really most extraordinary how tremendously anxious he was to help a lot of people he had never seen before. But he owed them that. And they seemed to expect it of him. Of course he would do what he could.

In the Cairo train he found a place for Dawson and the portmanteau and was shown into an empty compartment by the dark-skinned guard. At least he had thought it empty until he looked around, when he saw a girl in the uniform of a British army nurse huddled in the opposite corner. He merely glanced at her, returning to his own thoughts, when, just as the train started, he heard a clear and strangely familiar voice addressing him.

"Aren't you going to speak to me, Alan?"

He straightened and gazed at the girl, rising somewhat bewildered and staring in a kind of daze at Constance Masterson.

"Er—by jove—you, Connie?" he stammered, crossing the apartment to her, his brows taking a new tangle.

"I think so," she laughed.

"Most extraordinary," he muttered.

"You—— What are you doing here?"

She laughed.

"I'm not quite sure. I feel like a tripper. I couldn't go through the Canal without seeing Cairo—so I got leave for a few days."

"Leave?"

"From the Mercy—in the harbor—the Duchess of Barchester's hospital ship. I came with her expedition, you know."

"By jove! Of course."

She turned and inspected him with her motherly air.

"You're looking positively bursting with health, Alan. I don't believe you've missed me a bit"——

"Oh, I say"——

"You do look a little worried."

"Worried? Oh, yes—worried."

"That's too bad. You were going shooting, weren't you?"

She wasn't in the least malicious. She spoke in the most interested, casual way, as she had always spoken of his pursuits before the war had brought its shadow between them. His brows were knit deeper and he seemed to be thinking beyond her.

"We've got to stand together, you know," he said at last, aloud, in a manner totally irrelevant.

She glanced at him curiously.

"Who, Alan?" she asked.

"We—us. We can't be letting them get the best of us."

"Won't you explain?"

He started and turned toward her.

"Oh, we're really all one people, you know—the English, the Americans, I mean—brothers—and—er—all that sort of thing."

"Of course," she said, smiling and watching him intently.

"And the Prussians—they are beasty rotters—your friend, von Hengel"——

"What has happened?"

He was silent a moment, frowning at the tip of his boot, and then, after some hesitation, told her everything. She listened, putting in a question here and there, eagerly watching his face the while.

"It is very curious. I am sorry you brought him. I might have warned you, if"—— She, too, was silent for a moment. And then, "Captain von Hengel was always too clever to be quite genuine," she said. "But a black stone," she murmured. "I don't understand."

"Nor I. But I mean to, if I have to follow him across Africa," he said very quietly.

There was a note in his voice, a deep note of resolution, such as she had never heard in it before, and she found herself regarding him with interest and curiosity.

He really meant what he said. But whether it was the violation of his hospitality by von Hengel or another motive she was quite sure that he felt very deeply. He was a good sportsman. Most things wearied him—or seemed to; but in yachting, tennis, golf, even when he was bored, there were many who would be willing to testify that he was no "quitter."

As though following his own train of thought, he went on jerkily.

"It's a good game. I'll play it, I think."

"And give up the shooting?"

"I've got to find Conrad, you know. It wouldn't be just the sporting thing to leave him foot-loose in Egypt after I'd brought him here."

He stopped and stared out of the window.

Constance watched his well-cut profile in a moment of silence. And then:

"I agree with you, Alan," she said. "Conrad von Hengel is one of the cleverest men in the German army. He would never be in this part of the world unless a great mission brought him. His regiment is in France."

"France! He told me that it was in East Africa."

Constance frowned.

"You see. He lied. He had to come, of course."

Jessup's jaw set. "He used me."

He fiddled with his stick, and then: "Did he propose to you, Connie?" he blurted out.

She stared at him in a moment of incomprehension, and then, very quietly:

"No—he knew better than to do that."

Jessup stared at her and then looked out of the car window.

"Ah," he said.

"Why do you ask?"

"Merely because he told me you had refused him."

"I'm glad he took the will for the deed. But why did he say that?"

Jessup paused a moment and then, "I've been fearfully easy for him—a good thing. He played upon my sympathy—my friendship." He broke off angrily. "What a cad!"

"And what are you going to do?"

"Find him," he said, quietly, before he does any damage."

"That may be difficult."

"Nevertheless," he said, firmly, "I shall try."

The train rumbled on. There was a long silence, sober and constrained on Jessup's part, curious and interested on Miss Masterson's. He seemed so absorbed in this new purpose as to almost exclude his companion and all the train of recollections her presence must conjure. And yet he was within his rights, and as always friendly and considerate, pulling out a blind to shield her from the sun, and inquiring with interest as to her work and the destination of the expedition. After a while they both relapsed into silence, looking out of the car window rather consciously, passing desultory comment once in a while upon the passing scenery. The past was taboo to both, and yet, curiously enough, it was Constance Masterson who most felt the restriction.

Arrived at their destination, he saw her in a carriage to Shepheard's Hotel, where he also left Dawson and the portmanteau and hurried on to the Governorat. His arrival was expected, and he was shown without delay into the sanctum of the head of the Intelligence Department. Northby Pasha was tall, dark-skinned and lithe—with a polished jaw-bone and a narrow black eye. He was neither old nor young, but seemed an embodiment of the wisdom of the one and the virility of the other. From the moment of entering the room Jessup felt the man's gaze upon him in keen appraisal, and took the seat the officer indicated to him, feeling much like a schoolboy summoned before a headmaster.

After the preliminary conversation, in which Jessup told him who he was and how the Turkana happened to be in this part of the world, Colonel Northby questioned:

"The man who left your yacht is Conrad von Hengel?"

"Captain Conrad von Hengel, who was a military attache of the German Embassy in Washington."

"Yes," said Northby, dryly; "whose special mission in the United States was to arrange explosions in munitions factories."

"'You—what are you doing here?' he muttered. She laughed and said: 'I'm not quite sure. I feel like a tripper.'"

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To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Health, Beauty And The Home

Making Christmas Truly Patriotic

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency,

WHILE Christmas always will be a time of merriment and good cheer, this year a touch of sadness must creep in because of the sorrow and tragedy of the great war. Even while our family may not be touched, we know that others have suffered loss, that they are holding sorrow, and we cannot selfishly enjoy ourselves without a thought of them. We cannot give to our own close home circle without also thinking of the appealing hands from Belgium and from France.

It seems fitting then to make this a true Christmas in spirit, one of economy, not show, and to give such inexpensive or patriotic gifts to the home circle that we will be able to give more generously to the needy abroad.

Thousands of families will limit themselves strictly to useful gifts. Others have decided to give no gifts costing more than 50 cents or $1 each. This does away with all attempt at rivalry and instead tests the ingenuity and skill of the giver in finding a desirable wift at so low a price.

In one family I know the father has already bought Liberty Bonds for each of his larger children and Thrift Stamp books for those of six and eight years. Still another family has planned to do without gifts altogether and will pool its gift money for the support of a destitute French orphan. Only $73 will maintain a French child for two years with its mother or relatives, instead of being sent to an institution.

All children love a Christmas tree, and it seems indeed an emblem typifying the holiday, but this year glass ornaments are expensive and many parents feel they should do without a tree. But why not let the children make the tree decorations themselves?

A couple of rolls of crepe paper, some nuts and a bottle of gold paint with five cents' worth of popcorn will entirely decorate a small tree. Baskets and cornucopias may be made of the paper. Some of it may be cut into half-inch strips and wound around the branches, alternating with paper stars and moons. Brazil nuts or walnuts may be gilded and tied at the tips of the branches. Paper roses may easily be made by cutting out circles of crepe paper the size of a tumbler, fastening with wire in the centre and tying to the ends of the branches. Two colors, like crimson and white, make a very bright contrast. Spots of gilt may be put on the baskets of horns.

A batch of thrift cookies is inexpensive and great fun for the children to help make. Cookies of barley flour, peanut butter and other mixtures, made in simple or fancy shapes, and tied to the tree, would be a fascinating occupation for the children.

To the unspoiled child making gifts, and particularly tying them up and hiding them, is more fun than receiving some elaborate toy. Children are creative, and with very little help and very few materials they can make beautiful little articles. The older girl can make a stocking doll or cornhusk doll for her little sister. A clever cart or wagon can be made from the ordinary breakfast food boxes. Beads may be made from dried pumpkin seeds, corn, acorns or nuts.

Country children may find the bright red partridge berry or wintergreen growing in the woods, and make gifts of these that are especially welcome to city dwellers. In many other regions the bayberry grows in quantities, and older children can make the green wax candles at only the cost of some labor and pains.

One family happened to live in a section where cedar trees grew wild in great quantity. The children of this family last year dug very tiny cedars not more than eighteen inches high and of perfect shape, then trimmed them with miniature ornaments made of beads, paper and popcorn, and sent them to city friends for use as table centrepieces.

In some cases skill in cooking will create a host of gifts, not only cookies, but also wartime candies made of prunes, figs and honey to save sugar. Those who have attended Red Cross meetings know the wonders that can be evolved from some old clothes and an industrious needle.

If there are no close friends to receive gifts, why not make this Christmas entirely one of giving to those abroad? Instead of rushing wildly through stores to choose some unnecessary article, why not take the time usually spent in Christmas shopping and devote it to sewing and work for the Red Cross or other relief organizations? Have a thorough rummage through your closets and boxes and see if there are not articles there which could be given to the needy sufferers in the war zone.

Let the holiday meals be simpler than usual. It may be that in some sections fowl is reasonable and can be used, but certainly not so many courses need be served; the dessert can be plainer and some of the accessories can be eliminated. No family will feel it a hardship to sit down to a plain, wholesome dinner if they recall that by so doing they are saving money which may be given to war causes and also saving some of the food for people who are actually starving, as are indeed thousands across the seas.

This is a good Christmas on which to re-read Dickens's "Christmas Carol," that part about the dinner, where such a small amount of food—a very small duck, some apple sauce and a boiled pudding—furnished a feast for seven or eight people, because it was the spirit of Christmas that they regarded as more important than food itself.

There are many wartime dishes particularly suitable for the holidays, and no family need go counter to the Food Administration in order to have an adequate and delicious Christmas dinner. We have plenty of fowl, vegetables, fruit and enough to spare, and the various war recipes sent from the Food Administration in Washington will show the housewife how to make them appetizing.

MISS MARION DAVIES, One of America's Famous Beauties, in a Photograph Especially Posed at CAMPBELL STUDIO

Tested Cooking Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
Principal, Scudder School of Household Arts.

Corn Custard.

BEAT 4 eggs until very light and add 1½ cups corn pulp, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper, ⅛ clove of garlic, finely chopped and 1½ cups milk. Turn into a greased baking dish, set on folds of paper in a pan, surround with hot water and cook slowly until firm in centre.

Pork Hash in Casserole.

SAUTE 2 finely sliced onions in a little of the pork frippings. Add 2 or 3 cups of diced cold pork, 1 cup stewed tomatoes and 1 cup rice, previously cooked, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt and boiling water to cover. Turn into a greased casserole dish, cover and bake 1½ hours in a slow oven.

Creamed Finnan Haddie, Mexican Style.

MELT 2 tablespoons oleomargarine, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cupful milk, 1 teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika and stir until smooth and thick. Add ½ cup flaked finnan haddie and ½ teaspoon chili pepper, finely chopped.

Sugar Substitute Syrup.

MIX 2-3 cups honey, 2 cups caple cyrup and 1 1-3 cups crystal corn syrup thoroughly. This may be used in all recipes (except cakes) as a sugar substitute.

Eggless Cake.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger and a pinch of nutmeg. Rub in ½ cup butterine. Add ½ cup raisins, ½ cup currants, 2 ounces of shredded orange peel (candied) and ½ cup honey. Mix thoroughly, adding a little milk if necessary and bake in a slow oven. Cover with boiled honey icing.

Tipperary Cake.

CREAM ½ cup oleomargarine with ¾ cup brown sugar. Add ¾ cup milk and blend well. Mix and sift 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 cups each whole wheat and white flour. Combine mixtures gradually. Add another half cup milk and beat thoroughly. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, mix well and turn into a greased and floured pan. Place two strips of candied orange peel on the top and bake in a moderate oven about an hour.

Deviled Rabbit.

MELT ½ tablespoon butterine, add ½ pound thinly sliced American cheese and melt over hot water, stirring constantly. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon picalilli, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and the yolks of 2 eggs beaten with ½ cup cream or thin white sauce; stir constantly and cook over hot water until smooth and thick. Serve immediately on the untoasted side of bread toasted on one side only.

Creole Beans.

COOK 1 finely chopped onion in 2 tablespoons fat until thoroughly soft. Press 1 cup of cooked red beans through sieve, add salt and pepper to taste and add to the onion and season with 2 tablespoons tomato catchup and 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Scald 1 cup milk, add ¼ teaspoon soda and pour slowly over the bean mixture, stirring until perfectly smooth. Return to the fire and thicken with cornstarch, salt and a little cold water. Add 1 cup of cooked red beans, reheat and pour around a mound of boiled rice. Garnish with whole cooked red beans and parsley.

Beauty Questions Answered

DO you approve of tinted cosmetic powder for the nails?—MISS M. M.

Personally, I do not care to use any tinted powder on my nails, but if you wish to use it your must exercise the greatest discretion, because if the nails are made too pink they become artificial and unnatural looking, and I consider this frankly vulgar.

MY shoulders are quite stooped and this spoils the looks of my figure. What would you advise?—E. J.

The best way to straighten bent shoulders is by massage. A long, full stroke over the shoulders with the palms of the hands meeting at a point between the shoulder blades is the most effective. If massage does not cure I should try wearing shoulder and back braces.

I AM extremely pale and want to look pretty when I go out in the evening, but my mother will not permit me to use rouge. Please tell me what to do.—MARGIE.

Your mother is wise, and if I were you I would never disobey her. Here is a simple method whereby you can gain an added touch of color for a few hours. Have a bowl of very hot water placed on your dressing table side by side with one filled with very cold water. Take a soft linen cloth and dip in the hot water, wring partly dry and hold lightly to your cheeks for a while. Next dip the cloth in the cold water and hold it on the skin until it tingles. Dry thoroughly and puff on a little rice powder.

For self-denial, practiced even at holiday time, will bring us nearer to a lasting "Peace on earth and good will to men." We cannot view Christmas in its true spirit without being willing to sacrifice, to give, to lend, not only to our own circle, who have so much to rejoice over, but to that larger, wider circle of world sufferers whom we may help feed and clothe and make happy.

The Secret of a Beautiful Neck

By Lina Cavaliert,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

IN her heart of hearts any woman would rather have a beautiful neck than anything else in the world except, perhaps, a beautiful face. Before she has passed the age of sixteen a girl learns that it is a most decided advantage to be born with a beautiful neck. Or, if she has not been so fortunate, she must learn how to acquire one.

The neck to be beautiful must be neither too long nor too short, too fat nor too lean. It must be shapely; that is, evenly developed. The skin must be soft and white.

It is one of the compensations of being overplump that the woman of too ample lines has a beautiful throat and arms. While the thin woman, whose features are well defined, not being blanketed by superfluous layers of flesh, and whose figure is the more elegant and fashionable one just now, has, as a rule, a scrawny neck, bony shoulders and awkward, skinny arms.

To correct too much or too little flesh upon the neck we must summon the aid of that lieutenant to beauty, massage. On the beautiful neck the flesh is evenly distributed. The neck should be, save for the two parallel lines about an inch apart, which encircle the neck, and are seen on the necks even of babes, perfectly smooth. If the flesh be uneven, persistent, skillful and gentle massage should redistribute the disproportionate bulk of flesh.

There is always the possibility that the neck will be flat in front and display thick layers of fat at the sides and the back. This, too, can be corrected by patient and careful massage. The front of the neck can be made more plump in a very short time by massage. Olive oil or a pure cold cream should be freely rubbed into the skin by the first three fingers of each hand, massaging first on the right side of the neck with the right hand, then on the left with the left hand, then with both hands together.

Do not forget that the motion must always be a rotary one. This is the best movement for rebuilding tissue because it induces circulation, which feeds the starved, atrophied portions.

To reduce the bulk of the back and the side of the neck a reducing lotion should be applied with long, sweeping, downward strokes into the larger masses of flesh on the shoulders. A lotion I have known to be used with success for the melting away of too ponderous flesh about the neck is this: Tincture of iodine, 20 minims; iodide of potassium, 60 grains; hyposulphite of soda, 20 grains; distilled water, 7 ounces; aniseed water, 170 minims.

A single caution I must give you. Be careful not to tamper with and so enlarge the large glands in the neck. Enlarging them may permanently disfigure a beautiful neck. They are the danger points of manipulation.

The length of the neck is one of the fixed quantities in Nature. One cannot change it, but we can learn the lesson of illusion from the stage, and try to make it seem longer or shorter than it is. Also the manner of trimming a high-neck gown and the line at which a low-cut gown is finished determine whether the neck looks longer than it is or shorter.

If the neck is short, the collar should be of solid colors, or be trimmed with perpendicular lines.

The low-necked gown should be cut lower than that of the woman with the long neck, for here is the real secret of a beautiful neck. It is more dependent upon its immediate surroundings for its effect than any other part of the body.

Should there be a wide sweep of the shoulders, the long line from the point of the chin to the shoulder will lend itself to the neck and make the neck seem longer than it would if the gown were merely one of the collarless sort with a line of cloth defining where the neck actually begins.

If the neck is long, the problem is an easier one. There are fur collars that can hide it; collars and ties of contrasting colors, which would cut its apparent length, and lace ruffs, and velvet neck ribbons galore.

The extremely low-cut gown is not so becoming to the woman with a long neck, and she should avoid wearing it. If she must adopt it, or thinks she must, she should wear her jewels, or a narrow band of black velvet ribbon about her neck to make it seem shorter. The drooping Madonna poise of the neck may be affected by the woman with the long neck, but she should not carry this to such an extreme that it becomes an affectation.

The woman who would have a beautiful neck must not be content with dressing it becomingly. She must consider it even in repose. She should never use a high pillow, and she should have preferably no pillow at all. Otherwise the muscles of the neck are contracted, wrinkles are formed and the neck becomes flabby. Lying on the back is the best posture for sleeping. The muscles of the neck are thus given full play and yet they can rest and relax most easily.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Baked Apples, Oatmeal, Bread Crumb Muffins, Fruit Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruit, Codfish Balls, Oatmeal Muffins, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Potato Omelet, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Toast, Coffee.	Rice Boiled with Raisins, Toast, Jam, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Codfish Souffle, Quick Sally Lunn, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Creamed Beef on Toast, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Minced Rabbit, Brown Gravy, Barley Cookies, Tea.	Minced Rabbit, Brown Gravy, Barley Cookies, Tea.	Creamed Tongue in Brown Rice Border, Spinach Salad, Cocoa.	Creamed Duck on Toast, Jellied Cranberries, Oatmeal Bread, Tea.	Panned Oysters, Rolls, Celery, Hermits.	Savory Rice, Lettuce Salad, Amber Jelly, Coffee.	Emergency Soup, Rib Roast, Baked Sweet Potatoes, French Artichoke Salad, Corn Starch Blanc Mange, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Emergency Soup, Boiled Beef Tongue with Raisin Sauce, Steamed Rice, Buttered Carrots, Graham Bread, Coffee Jelly, Coffee.	Boiled Beef Tongue with Raisin Sauce, Steamed Rice, Buttered Carrots, Graham Bread, Coffee Jelly, Coffee.	Roast Duck, Currant Jelly, Hominy Boulettes, Mashed Turnips, Celery Cabbage and Chicory Salad, Cup Cakes, Coffee.	Noodle Soup, Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce, Brown Bread, Pineapple and Cream Cheese Salad, Coffee.	Baked Bean Soup, Boiled Fish, Mock Hollandaise Sauce, Buttered Cauliflower, Boiled Potatoes, Heart Lettuce and Chicory Salad, Fruit Whip.	Broiled Bread Crumb Meat Balls, Mashed Potatoes, Brown Gravy, Creamed Cabbage, Boiled Onions, Fruit Salad, Coffee.	Toast with Brown Gravy, Stewed Apples, Cocoa.

The new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins

When your skin is pale and colorless—"pasty," it means that your pores are clogged and unable to throw off all the waste matter that they should.

One night a week try this treatment. Fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. This opens the pores wide, stimulates the tiny blood vessels of the face and brings the blood to the surface.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin in an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. This closes the pores and makes the skin firm in texture.

If you have a good color use Woodbury's Facial Soap nightly for general cleansing. This *treatment*, however, is intended only for pale, sallow skins.

After the very first time you have used it, your cheeks will begin to show a fresh, new color. The other six nights of the week, cleanse your skin thoroughly in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

See how much the first treatment does

Get your first cake of Woodbury's today. Begin now to overcome whatever condition is keeping your skin from being as lovely as it *should* be.

Blackheads, conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, blemishes, a sluggish, sallow skin—treatments for these and others of the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" which comes wrapped around the soap.

You will find a 25c cake sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use during this time.

Get a cake today. It is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.

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A Calaveras Hold-Up

By Roberta Littlehale

ONE sunny Summer noon of the year 1850, a man lay under a clump of chaparral at the base of a scrub-oak, near a roadside in the Calaveras foothills. He lay on his stomach, with his head on his arms; and the flies crawled over the dirt on his clothes and the pistol at his belt, only suffering disturbance because of the industry of the black ant colony which had discovered meat among the bread crumbs that had fallen from his pocket. He looked asleep, but no one who might have seen, there were slits in the sombrero that covered his head, and the eyes behind them were not closed. Rather, they scarcely winked to the sober scrutiny of their purpose.

The road here near the crest of the hill took a sharp right angle to the north, and picked its way brokenly to the summit over rocks and through stumps and standing trees. To the southward below, it could be seen for miles on its upward course, appearing and disappearing among the open stretches and the woodland. The scrub-oak would have to lengthen its fat shadow very perceptibly before the man would find it necessary to get on his feet; so he allowed a portion of his attention to revert to the cause of his being here.

Billy Owen was not analytical. He did not go back any farther than his love for a woman as the representative cause of the present effect. The spirit of his ancestors, trained to conquest and struggle, had suffered a taint in the far gone years, and he had become the son of an uncertain race. There were men of them rude in virtue as well as strength, and men of them branded with a shifting eye and hunted step.

Billy had always had his pleasure with a gun in his hand until those wondrous twelve months of his knowledge of Rudy. That that slight person had no acquaintance with the manner of his former life was due to the respect in which Billy held her. For himself, he couldn't get rid of a troublesome pride which he called up the man—the brakeman and engineer and inflated conductor — who had backed away from the steel-muzzled mouth of his Colt, his Betty. And the brakeman and engineers and inflated conductors who hadn't backed away, and whom Betty had spat at, gave him almost more pride than the treasures he had borne off from under their bodies.

But a man must be capering to more than one tune if he's to dance in the open all of his life, so Billy had been giving his later days to the panning for gold in secluded spots in the California Sierras; and the first Sunday that he had to the village and set apart for the play had been taken by Rudy. He remembered it all very clearly. He had been so careful to shave, and must remember a moustache of straw color that brought out the steel in his small gray eyes. He had not changed his working dress for a knife slips down a yawning boot-leg and a flannel shirt yields best to one's muscles in motion.

It had seemed to him queer that the street was so empty. Only occasional men swung in and out of saloon doors, and the gambling hells chairs rested wholly idle. But it was not long before he found the cause. A little gout-blistered church sat around the corner and its open doors had swallowed almost the entire populace. It seemed waiting for more while the thin notes of its rejoicing bell chased each other out on the air. Service must have been about to begin, for there was only a girl standing out on the steps, and the horses in ranks along the fences, who slept or brushed flies or bited their neighbors, as their natures gave impulse. Billy sent the place over to a hotter climate and turned on his heel to shake off its dust just as the restless eyes of a light-headed roan brought him to a halt.

It was then that he had heard a voice he felt he would never forget.

"There is room," it called.

Billy Owen had gone on looking over the roan. He was not the man to waste Sunday in church.

"Father's to preach on fighting," he heard it again. "There are fights that he stands by."

It was a voice, Billy thought, the boss would look for. He threw her a glance that shouldn't reveal any weakness for the sort of blood-quilling that the parson appeared to, and straightway forgot to look off again. Rudy Field was smiling at him, and Rudy was radiant with the spirit of bell-doing. The little noisy excitement had given way to the voices of the people to an opening hymn of thanksgiving, and the girl hurried off the steps, passed the horses, and laid her hand on his arm.

"He says men ought to break each other's noses if there's cause; but it's the cause," she added pregnantly, turning her eyes away toward the church.

"If two men want to get up and fight just for the pleasure of fighting," said Billy, "and are glad to shake hands when one of 'em is hollerin'?"

Rudy's gentle eyes gave out their inspiration.

"Come and see if he'll say," she said. And Billy went to his undoing. It was never clear to him what the parson's fighting views really were. There must have gone through them fiber of good sort, because he remembered the noisy approval of his fellowmen. As for himself, a straight little form and a thin little face, with a voice singing up to the angels, left no consciousness of a judicial mind. After the last rousing hymn and the dignity of the benediction, he had sat so still that the church was empty and the parson was up to him.

And the day had taken wings. Billy found through the hours of his lonely working that there was something in his mind supplanting Betty and the bodies which were testimony of his prowess and his power—a something which could not have borne the revelation of Betty and the corpses. But the very instinct that had brought pride and lust of them to Billy was not alive to a shame that threw them over altogether. In the sublimeness of conquest they were not the useful weapons.

Rudy's father had been Rudy's life, and she lay awake in the night now, because a man strong in his youth and the power of his love was coming between them. The atmosphere of her trembling left her without the protection of suspicion, and Rudy had only the education that her frailness, their poverty and shifting life could yield. Her femininity showed her Billy Owen's masterful physique, his superior strength and todo vivacity. She had begun to have insight into Billy's will power. But, of all men, he gave to her deference and gentleness and the alertness of his interests.

And what she was conscious must come, came.

Two miners were hurt in an accident by fire, and the minister was called for in the absence of the doctor. He had arranged to hold services in a village three miles north, and Rudy was left to carry

"Say no more, girl, but the word you love me," said Billy, dropping her hands to come around and take her in his arms.

to it the news of the church's closing. She put on a sun-bonnet and went out to the barn. The old mare stepped listlessly into the shafts, when a shadow fell over the floor, and Billy filled up the doorway.

"Your father said I was to look out that you got there." He laughed, uncertain still of his welcome.

Rudy had dreaded the lonely twilight drive and her face must have spoken for her tongue had not; but Billy took up the harnessing with a light on his own face that sent Rudy into the depths of her bonnet. She kept on her side of the fat mare, and buckled and strapped in a tangle of leather, with an indiscretion that sent her hands to the check at Jane's head just at the moment when Billy's must meet them.

And Billy held them close, while Jane dropped her nose and sniffed at some barley grains, indifferent to the fact that her toilet was forgotten.

"Your father'd give me the word to fight the man that could take you from me now," Billy said.

And Rudy was whiter than the hair on Jane where it happened to be clean.

"It's my father I shall never leave," she answered him.

"It's the father. His book tells ye, shall be left for the husband."

Billy dropped her hands to come around and take her in his arms.

"Say no more, girl, but the word you love me."

And Rudy had said it. And Rudy had sobbed over it, and sung over it before the message was delivered and Jane in her stall again.

This was a perplexity Rudy's father laid in heaven's care. "There must be something to live on," he had used as a protest. And what had always made Billy's living but his revolver—his Betty? The mining was small's pace at best, and with Rudy on his heart there was mad need of haste. With everything at his hand and his Colt ready, there were only the plans, which he straightway laid. Money for the northern mines passed under his nose once every month. Mounted messengers were the things he and Betty were used to, and the advantage of his isolated claim gave him the chance for the doing in the hours of an unoccupied afternoon.

On came the rolling dust, the four horses, the driver, the messenger and the passengers. They must have passed by Rudy's little house; perhaps Rudy had been looking out at them. Well, the fools need not be hurt—it is only to march to the music. The man bent one leg and rested upon his knee to readjust the hot, black mask that covered his face. He peered down the road again. The stage must be half up the last slope. It was out of sight, but the snap of the whip came to his ears as a signal.

"Betty," he whispered close to the barrel, and got on his feet. Against the trunk of the dusty oak a man crouched, with his finger on the trigger of a gun. A stage rocked into view with two belting men, a pale little woman and a Wells Fargo messenger, who sat on the box.

"Halt."

The horses came back on their haunches, the leaders in air.

Betty's steel-rimmed mouth had covered the crowd.

"Throw out your express box and unload your passengers."

Three men and a woman lined along the roadside with their hands to the sky and a green, brass-handled box lay to the dust.

"Out with your horses, my hearty, and line up."

The nerve of one man can undo the natural and customary methods of four of his fellows. The driver took his team to the rear of his passengers, and Billy stepped to the front to Betty as steady as became a woman-of-war.

He ran his eye over the men. It would be time to release the woman when danger was past.

"Fall to on that box," Billy directed. He signaled a man of generous mold and a humble manner, and the gentleman stood in his tracks.

"Two," said Billy. "One"——

But the man was in the middle of the road, willing and toolless. An axe was dragged from the stage and he sent the hot fury of his anger into the strokes of the steel.

"Get the gold, punches," came the next order, and the messenger writhed under cover as he ripped with his knife.

At this moment fell the certain distant sound of approaching horses. Heaven knows there was need of haste, and Billy stood over with curses to emphasize the vigor of his threats.

Sweat fell from the men as he turned to the woman.

"Into the"—— Billy began—and Rudy was looking up at him! Rudy with face like chalk, and the soul of her broken and bleeding.

God! but there is one thing to man can face—the faith of a woman struck back into her heart!

Billy and the revolver wavered in one blindness, and the messenger sprang to his feet.

"Get him," he cried, and his bullet went wide of the mark. Confusion came with the moment. Men leased to their pockets for weapons and signaled the team coming up.

Billy wasted nothing of the aid Betty held for him. He plunged into the brush at the east with his brain and his heart in the thrall of his shock. About him spit, and crashed, and split a rain of bullets, and he knew there were men of them ready to follow him on the spot.

He swore himself into energy, and beat on through the thick, thorny underbrush with the hope of their disorder sustaining him. There was a small stone corral some one had told him of—Rudy had told him of! It was hemmed in with rocks, and buckeye, and chaparral. For a theatre of war it was safest for a man inside it, and there was only one approach! Rudy had once found herb roots there.

He turned sharp to the south and trailed back again, conscious that his scent was strong and his arm was true—and to the devil with men who had lived peaceful lives in the fields of their country!

Wet drops of impending warm trickled down his back. There must be a wound there. Billy forced his way along, cutting through tangles, leaping the rocks and scaling the boulders, only halting for seconds to separate insect noises from that of the hunt of men.

The long, slim shadows of the late afternoon had been swallowed in the monotone of twilight when Billy Owen sat on his heels behind the walls of a stone corral on the sheer slope of a Sierra hill. The fever from his wound was racking his head, but the keenest pain that he suffered was not from that. And there could be no moment of time given over to the unburthened thought of it. It was only the ever present consciousness through the intensity of attention he imposed on himself. His senses were preternaturally alert; they made record of the night-millers' winging and the life of the lizards in the wall at his face.

But it was Rudy's face that was searing with fire the brain of the man—Rudy's face, which had known only love for him, and trust in him, and pride of him. It went over him cold that her scorn of him might set them on his track. She might guess what he would make for.

Hark! there could be no mistake in step. He had been waiting hours for it. It could come. He needed no change of movement to send it into silence.

There it came again, on and up. The fool! Does he think his life is worth juggling for?

A band shows through the bushes at the gate of the corral. Billy is forced to turn; it is some one who knows the run of the land. A black figure thrusts through the branches and Betty throws out her ball of death.

"Billy," he heard in its last terrible note of misunderstanding.

He sits in the open and holds her in his arms. Her black hair hangs over her face, and he thrusts it back to clasp her against his breast, against his lips.

At midnight they find Billy Owen, the bandit. There is a woman in his arms, and their lives have gone out on a common search.

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